

JUNE 1898.

NEW SERIES. PART XX.

THE LEISURE HOUR



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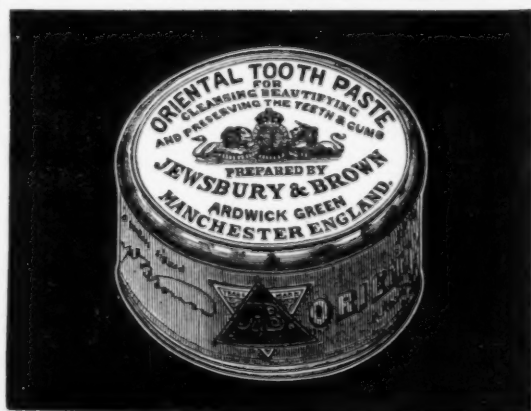


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"THE ROSE QUEEN."

From the Picture by G. D. Leslie, R.A.

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS OF HAVEN'S END.

BY ELLA EDERSHEIM OVERTON.



RINGLEADERS THESE.

CHAPTER I.—JOAN'S MISSION.

"MY dear Joan, I don't profess to understand you. But then you always were incalculable."

The young man who was sitting with the girls glanced up at the speaker and then across at Joan. As his eyes dropped again there was a slight smile upon his face. It seemed that he did not include himself among those to whom Joan was incomprehensible.

Mildred interrupted herself in the middle of a hard-whispered rehearsal of an irregular German verb.

"Your ignorance surprises no one, Lettice," said she; "least of all Joan. The probing of character is not in your line."

She relapsed instantaneously, and apparently profoundly, into the depths of her German grammar, her hard little brown hands clapped tightly over her ears. But her eldest sister, who had been lounging back in a ham-

mock chair, sprang into an upright position, her bright eyes flashing from face to face.

It was evident that she wanted to speak, had much to say. But the fire died slowly out of her eyes, and the words remained unuttered. Walter Grimshaw's gaze was riveted on her, and as she met his look she smiled gently.

"Millie, you are an impertinent little minx," Lettice said clearly at her deafened sister. "And it is ridiculous to pretend to prepare your work when we are all talking and you are interested in the talk." She raised her eyes from the delicate embroidery on which she was working, and humour and tenderness and a certain pathos lay in their deep grey depths. "I am so afraid, Joan," she said, in quite a different tone of voice, "that you will be disillusioned, and a disillusioned Joan would not be Joan at all."

The young man near the window groaned.

"Yes, she will be disillusioned," he echoed tragically.

Joan leapt to her feet and faced her critics.

"Dears," she said, and her voice was singularly sweet and ringing, "why won't you understand? I have no illusions." (Lettice shook her head, and young Grimshaw groaned again, but softly, so as not to interrupt the speaker.) "I am just going to see if I can't help a tiny bit of the world to be better and happier. I daresay it will be uphill work, often disappointing. But with time and patience it must tell, because all work that comes from an honest and good heart sooner or later accomplishes its purpose. I am prepared for delay. Thorough work, we know, is slow in the doing—only its end is permanent and splendid. And it won't be, it can't be, so hard as you dear croakers fancy, because it lies all among children, and I love children, and that makes all the difference. I shall make the children love me, they *must* love me! Then I shall be able to unfold and direct and help to form them" (she made small expressive movements with her soft little plump hands with their tapering fingers). "Love will make the hard places easy and will colour all the life!"

She stopped speaking, but the radiance did not leave her face. She looked like an enthusiast within sight of his vision.

Lettice regarded her pityingly, Walter with unveiled homage. Only Mildred, who had forgotten the pretence of her lesson-book, spoke.

"The children will love you right enough, Johnnie," she said reasonably, as if trying to convince an engaging but refractory child. "But they will be horrid. They will smell of new corduroy; village children always do. And when they want to smarten themselves up to please you, they will put rancid pomade on their hairs. You won't like that, you know. And the rector's wife will patronise you and snub you by turns. Probably the poor woman will be hard put to to know how to take such an unknown quantity as a lady National school teacher. And the squire's family, if there is

one, will ignore you. Of course no one will call on you. That would afflict Lettice, but I don't think you will mind. It's the children that will disappoint and hurt you, poor Johnnie. They will tell lies and sneak, and I know what that stuffy schoolroom will be like!"

Joan had her laughing answer ready, though Lettice was smiling approval on Mildred's tirade, and young Grimshaw gave a gloomy acquiescence in the girl's prognostications. But before she could speak the door opened and Mr. Harding looked in.

He was a largely built man, rather beyond middle age. His grey hair was closely cut, and he had a heavy white moustache. He was clad in riding-breeches, leathern gaiters, and an ancient coat. He had a well-shaped head and shrewd eyes. For the rest, his face denoted one who loves peace and quietness and a good dinner, and is withal a judge of port-wine. He glanced round the schoolroom, which was in semi-darkness, fitfully lightened by a blazing log fire. Catching sight of Walter Grimshaw, he nodded kindly at him.

"Hullo, Grimshaw, glad to see you!" he said. "Girls, it's past five, and Miss Tait is waiting for tea; why don't you come?"

Mildred flung aside her books and dashed out after her father. Lettice waited only to wrap her embroidery in a silken handkerchief. Joan remained behind, piling the logs into a safer position, while Walter also lingered, under pretence of helping her.

"Joan," he said hoarsely, and he caught her hand as she raised herself from her stooping position. "Joan, dear, do give up this hateful project. It isn't too late, and it's all true what Millie says. Oh, Joan, you will break my heart. Give it up."

She had dragged her hand away and answered breathlessly.

"I can't, Walter! I can't! We have always been friends. Why can't you understand me now? You know how I have always longed to give up my life for some true and worthy object. And since I have found that this could be done I have had such happiness in my heart as I could never describe to you. It has been like the gladness of an unclouded day in the spring. And all through my two years at the training college, that time which you and the girls thought I never should live through, I have been every bit as happy. Yes, and I made such nice friends too among the teachers. Some of them are grand—so high-souled. Of course not all. And now that the time of preparation is over, and I am on the very eve of starting, you think that I will draw back! It is not reasonable of you, Walter. It is foolishness. And oh, I long for the life! I long for the life!"

He did not see her eager, beaming face. His face was dropped in his palms. His voice came, strained and muffled.

"Joan, you have no pity. You who are so tender and gentle, you who have nursed all the wounded pets at our homes since we were

small children together, you can crush and trample on my heart. Why, I have seen you stop and kiss some little, dirty, crying ragamuffin in the road, and comfort him with a whispered word or two, and yet you have no crumb of kindness for me. You want a work in life. Why can't you take and make me? I should have gone to the dogs long ago but for you, dearest, hardest, and you know it full well. I suppose I am not worth the trouble. But there's the place, Joan, and all the people. You could do a lot for them. And if you wanted it I'd go in for Parliament and turn agitator, or any mortal thing that pleased you. Leave this loathsome 'school-marming' and rot to the herd that it's meant for."

It was curious to note the swift changes in Joanna Harding's face. The enthusiasm which had illumined it had given place to an ever-softening wistfulness, and tears had sprung up and clouded the bright brown eyes. But at the young man's closing words this witching glamour vanished, and a look akin to fierceness set and hardened the round young face. Her cause was blasphemed. It was with an effort that she controlled her anger.

"Walter," she said gravely, "you think that I am the victim of illusions, but it is *you* that are. For I should never, never make a seemly Lady Grimshaw, and you would be the first to discover the fact. I should disappoint you and shame you, and land you in endless and hopeless difficulties. You could never see with my eyes, and I should never see with yours, and it would all end in hopeless estrangement. Now with Lettice it would be so different." (The wretched face that was upturned to her took on a look of guilt and confusion.) "Don't look like that. I know you like her awfully when I'm not here—and so you might always. And she" (the sensitive lips hesitated, quivering: she could not uncloak the secret that had bred bitterness between her sister and herself, so she went on)—"and she, I think, she would be in every way suitable, if you could persuade her. Don't be blind and perverse, dear Walter."

"But it is *you*, Joan, only *you*, who could help me," the young man protested. "Lettice is entrancing in her own way, and when you are not here she comforts me, and once or twice I have lost my head. . . . She has such a way with her! But when you are back again she is nothing to me—less than nothing! I believe you do not trust me. But I shall never really love anyone but you."

The girl had grown impatient.

"Oh, it is all so narrow and petty. It sickens me. I don't want to be loved like that. I want to live *my* life—no one else's. It isn't selfishness—at least, I don't think it is. Perhaps if I really loved you, poor Walter, in the way you want me to, I should not think what you offered so cramped and ugly. Yes, that is what it seems to me now. I know it is cruel to say it, but you had much better know. Give up all foolish fancies, and take care of the girls for me. Father has eyes and thoughts for

none but Miss Tait now. Of course, you have noticed that?"

"No, indeed I have not," he exclaimed, startled out of his preoccupation. "You don't mean to say that Mr. Harding is thinking of marrying again?"

"I do," she answered sadly. "I thought it might come to that before I went to college, and I debated with myself as to whether I could prevent matters by staying at home. But I do not think I could have done any good. You see, Miss Tait is not a bit like other governesses. She always looks so nice, and she is so clever, and manages the house so well, and she has thrown herself so into all father's farm interests since he took to acting his own bailiff. She helps him wonderfully. I don't believe he could be brought to think he could get on without her now. And of course Mildred is nearly seventeen, so that the excuse for a governess cannot serve much longer. I don't believe father will think definitely of marrying until Miss Tait says she must leave. And then he will propose to her as the only way of keeping her."

"But what will your sisters do then? According to your own plans you will be safely out of the way," he questioned reproachfully.

"Sufficient unto the day," she made answer gaily. "But come to the drawing-room, or the tea will have gone."

The searching glance that Lettice gave her sister smote on Joan's sensitive heart as she and her companion joined the family party.

"How can she distrust me, and how can she love him?" she cried to herself.

CHAPTER II.—HAVEN'S END.

JOAN peered cautiously out from the gloom of the cab which was carrying her and her effects to her new home. The cab was very old-fashioned; the seat so high and narrow that she had difficulty in balancing her small person on it; the top so low that the plume of her felt hat came continually into collision with the roof. The stuffy old velvet cushions were patched with cloth, and gave out an odour eloquent of the past. Joan kept the window open, and her eager eyes scanned the landscape, while the mild, damp air played on her cheek. They had long ago left the broad and well-kept high-road, and their way lay now by lonely lanes, alternately over masses of rough stones, or through deep, muddy ruts. The bare hedges stretched long, brambly arms against the soft grey of the January sky. A thin white mist lay about, and to Joan's eyes idealised the brown fields with their peeping green points of corn, and the copses that were scattered among them. Haven's End, her destination, was some five miles distant from the railway station; but so rough and hilly was the road that, though more than an hour had elapsed since she started on her drive, there seemed no prospect that her journey's end was soon to be reached. Already

she had passed two groups of cottages since they had left the high-road—groups consisting of from three to four dwellings, their lower halves built of tarred timbers laid lengthways, and supporting upper storeys of fancifully adorned plaster-work, with little diamond-paned windows. There seemed to be ponds in all directions. Joan thought she had never before seen so many ponds. There were roadside ponds, and wide, shallow-looking field ponds, and ponds concealed in little cunning dips of mother earth's face, as a tear may linger in a child's dimple. Away, against the grey horizon, swelled the softened outline of the West Hertfordshire hills. And now a church spire rose from among the thatched and moss-grown roofs of a great farmyard, and on it Joan's eyes were riveted. Surely this must be Haven's End at last!

The cab lurched ominously as it turned an unexpected corner, leaving the church spire and farmyard well away to the left. Joan stooped to pick up her bag and wraps which had been thrown forwards, and she had scarcely resumed her sitting posture when she became aware that she was once again among human habitations. A collection of cottages flanked her on each side, differing widely in appearance and date. Sheer up from the road, its upper windows bulging forwards, its crooked timbers showing through the yellow wash, stood a picturesque block of buildings. High, unsteady stone steps with a weak-looking balustrade formed the approach to a door. The frost-bitten remains of a window-garden trailed forlornly earthwards. The other side the road, set complacently back in a garden given over to weeds and rotting cabbages, was a white brick, slated, semi-detached house, of smug respectability, and bearing the legend *Post Office* inscribed on a board over one doorway. A lace curtain in a downstairs window was drawn aside sufficiently to reveal a row of bottles containing pink and white and striped lollipops, besides a minute pile of unripe-looking oranges. There were other cottages too, some half built of timber, like those she had passed on the road, some thatched and gabled. There was a long roadside pond, so swelled by recent rain that the wheels on one side of the cab splashed heavily through it, eliciting a hoarse chorus of cries (she could not tell whether of exultation or execration) from a group of children who were standing about, red-nosed and staring. Then the cottages ceased, a neatly clipped hedge emerged in view, and beyond it the red-brick steeple of a school. Joan's heart began to thump. The cab came to an abrupt stop at a little gate in the middle of the hedge. Joan saw that a straight, grass-bordered path led from it to the door of a small house of prepossessing aspect. She had sprung into the road before the deliberate driver had unfastened the horse-rug from about his knees.

"Here ye are, miss," he said affably. But Joan did not hear him. She was already at her house-door.

Her own house-door! It yielded to her touch. She found herself in a small, square-shaped hall, bordered on one side by a couple of doors, and on the other by a steep stairway. Joan impatiently beckoned the driver to carry up her luggage. How slow he was! Was everybody in Hertfordshire quite as slow? she wondered. She longed to be rid of him, to explore her premises alone, without his inquisitive sympathy.



HER OWN HOUSE-DOOR.

She bade him set her boxes—the trunk containing her wardrobe, a book-box, and a deal case of "treasures"—down in the little hall. It more than half blocked it, but she would not open a door until she was alone.

At last he had gone, and Joan promptly set-to the hall-door after his ambling, retreating figure. She glanced about her. The walls were covered with the yellow, varnished, oak-grained paper of fifty years ago, whose durability the present generation has had every opportunity of testing. The woodwork was painted a dull buff. A

shabby stamped oilcloth of the same uninteresting tint lay on the floor. (Joan's schoolhouse was supposed to be furnished with all necessities!) A pile of torn stair-drugget and a sheaf of odd stair-rods stood in one corner. The prospect was not exhilarating, and she hastened to open a door. A flood of dazzling gold and green bewildered her at first. Then she recognised that this must be her parlour. The taste of the late inmate had been gorgeous, and her cousin was a painter and paperhanger of the neighbourhood. His kindly offices had transformed the schoolhouse parlour into a marvel to village eyes. The paper was pale green, enlivened with stars and streaks and trailing patterns of gold. The woodwork and mantelpiece were painted to match. A heavy old-fashioned walnut-wood *suite*, consisting of a curved sofa, defying repose, and six chairs, furnished the room, and contributed a quota of stained green rep. There was a large round table, an elaborately crazy what-not, and stiffly starched curtains shrouded the windows. Joan stared at the hideous apartment in blank dismay, and then broke out into laughter.

"The ugliness—the monstrous ugliness of it!" she gasped to herself. "Oh, where shall I hide my eyes from this nightmare?"

But the kitchen proved comforting. It was little and red-bricked and snug. Moreover, a fire blazed in the grate, and some unseen hand had spread mauve-patterned crockery for tea.

It looked like a welcome, and Joan's elastic spirits rose with a bound.

She had brought a small hamper of provisions with her at the suggestion of Miss Tait, who had a profound distrust of Joan's "unpractical ways." She was not long in unpacking the tea and sugar, the deep-coloured butter, and honest jam of her Yorkshire home. When she proceeded further to unearth half a prime ham, cooked ready for consumption, some potted meat, eggs, and a cake, Joan's heart smote her for the lack of appreciation she had shown her sisters' governess.

"She is very kind and thoughtful; she has not forgotten anything," she said to herself with compunction. "No wonder father finds her invaluable."

But there was no bread! This, however, merely suggested fresh enterprise to Joan. She would sally forth and purchase it, and learn a little more of her new surroundings.

It was now nearly five o'clock, and Joan, who had been too excited to eat much breakfast before her early start from home, was ravenously hungry. She ran down the neglected-looking little garden, without thought of any preliminary "tidying," which should fit her for critical eyes after her long journey. Her hat sat awry on her disordered curly hair; she had smuts about her eyes. Her gloves were left on the kitchen table, her coat half-undone.

She made straight for the Post Office, which her instinct told her was probably a general village store.

No one seemed about in the street. Joan did not surmise that the heads of families within doors were busy gleaning from their children all that was to be learned of the new governess's arrival.

Joan's finger on the Post Office latch set a bell loudly clanging, but as this sound evoked no response for some few minutes, she had time to regard her surroundings.

She had stumbled in on a perambulator, which stood just inside the doorway. Its soiled bedding showed that it was commonly used as a place of repose, a dirty blanket and old shawl forming the coverings. On its unsheathed pillow lay a woman's ancient crape bonnet, two loaves of bread, smoking hot, and some red herrings, partly done up in a newspaper. On a greasy counter lay a mauled-looking heap of butter, some leather boot-laces, and an open box containing liquorice. A stench of green bacon, cheese, frying fish, dirty clothes, and exhausted air combined to make the atmosphere oppressive in the extreme. From behind a glass door at the back of the shop she could hear the crying of an infant, the clamour of older children, and a woman's high voice occasionally topping both in alternate threat and persuasion. Presently the glass door opened, and a feeble, white-faced looking creature came into the shop. She wore a torn red dress-body, about which hung the dilapidated remains of plush trimmings. Her skirt, of a different fabric, was pinned together at the waist. She carried in her arms a young baby in a dingy nightgown, with a worsted shawl thrown over its protesting face.

Her eye took on a little interest as it fell on Joan.

"Beg your pardon, miss, I'm sure, for keepin' you waitin'," she said civilly. "But the children do kick up such a rumpus—Go away, Charlie, notty boy. I'll give you what for, I will! Maudie! give us some bread and herring."

Joan made haste to interrupt the domestic injunctions.

"I'm so sorry to have troubled you, Mrs. —?"

"Potten," put in the other.

"Oh, Mrs. Potten," Joan resumed, her sweet, clear voice sounding singularly out of harmony with the reek and confusion of the place. "But I wanted to know where I could get some bread. I am the new schoolmistress, and have only just arrived, so, of course, I don't know my way about. Can you tell me where I must go for it?"

While she spoke Mrs. Potten had ejected Charlie, a fat, dirty-faced child of four or five, and had sharply shut the glass door between herself and her older children.

"Mrs. Bray's is the bakehouse, just past the school, and turn to your left, miss. It stands next agin Widow Day's. You can't mistake it. But there! I should be kindly obliged if you'd take one of ours, which would be a-saving

of you trouble. I can easy send one of the childer for another."

Joan made haste to excuse herself from accepting the loaf proffered from the recesses of the perambulator. The little walk would do her good, she said, making haste to depart. But Mrs. Potten could not allow the golden moment to slip without pressing forward business claims.

"If ever you're in want of a morsel o' cheese or bacon, you can allays depend upon getting it good and fresh here, miss," she insisted. "I often sends up to the Rectory, which is more nor Mr. Black can say. And I don't understand why Maudie's been put back out of her standard, seein' as 'ow she did pass it last Midsummer, and a printed certificate, too, what her father did have framed and hung up, he wor that pleased. I'd thank you kindly to—"

Joan escaped somehow. Maudie's face, stained with liquorice and less tasty grime, and topped with a ragged mass of betonged fringe, was staring at her through the glass door, while the boots of the two little brothers kept time against the panels as they kicked an accompaniment to their shout to have the door opened.

Joan fled. Back up the street she ran, and the village women came to their doors to gaze after her, or peeped over the window-screen of blind and plant, according to their position in the scale of gentility.

The baker's shop, at least, was scrupulously clean. Joan was served by a hard-featured, small-eyed woman, who repudiated with contempt the supposition that she had children, and received Joan's introduction of herself with coldness. Joan took the loaf that was ungraciously pushed to her across the counter with unabated good humour, and left the shop with it tucked, all unwrapped as it was, boldly under her arm. At the door of the corner cottage, which she mentally identified as "Widow Day's," stood a large, white-faced woman, bearing silent but eloquent signs of an unimpeachable respectability. She was tidily dressed in black, and wore a clean apron. The smile and greeting that Joan bestowed on her were received with a dignified and elaborate curtsy. Joan's heart warmed up again: she did not hear the woman's comment on herself as she turned back into her kitchen.

"Call that a lady!" she ejaculated to her visitor. "Well, indeed, I never did! Ne'er a glove to her hands, and carryin' of a loaf of bread, and her face as black's a sweep's, and her hair all tumblin' down! We've got 'nough of *that* kind here already, I should say! And I can't think whatever the Rector is dreamin' on. But there, 'tis allays the same. Whatever he do get a-hold of is better nor anybody else's goose! A bit of a thing that looks as though she wanted schoolin'-of herself! Fine work the boys'll make wi' her!"

"Now you be a-judgin' by the out'ard appearance of the young 'ooman, as should have

better sense nor to be taken by such like, Mariar-Ann," her confidante replied. "Pore Gladding, he used allays to say to I, 'You look at the heart, Sukie,' says he. 'Never mind fine feathers and fine words,' says he, which was a true word, and one as I've never forgot, seein' I can't get no more from he?" and the speaker wiped her kindly eyes.

The Widow Day looked abashed. Mrs. Gladding's aphorisms, proceeding as they did from a source of combined wisdom and charity, were always accepted by her neighbours. But when they were backed by the authority of the defunct Gladding, to dispute them would have been to be guilty of blasphemy.

Of "the boys" referred to Joan was to gather prompt experience. They had assembled, a little knot of nine or ten urchins, ragged, cold-looking, and ill-nourished, with an accumulation of naughtiness garnered in their fortnight's Christmas holiday, with its consequent freedom from all discipline. As Joan passed them she smiled on them. Their plain little faces appealed to her, as did the faces of all children, however unprepossessing their looks. They would be her pupils shortly. Besides, she had loving-kindness enough and to spare for the whole human race.

But she was not prepared for what followed. She had not gone more than two or three steps beyond them, when a hideous shriek rose up with simultaneous discordance from the children. There was no mistaking the derision and defiance contained in that shriek. And, lest Joan should be led in any way by her own fatuous tendencies to misinterpret it, a clod of the heavy clay soil accompanied it, whizzing past Joan, within a hairbreadth of one dainty ear.

The girl turned instantly, the blood flushing her round, young face, her bright eyes shining angrily. Joan had always been loved; such treatment was totally foreign to her. But she kept her temper. Apparently the group was not prepared for her face-about, for its hooting abruptly ceased, and it broke, its various members fleeing incontinently. Only two held their ground—a red-haired boy, with a long upper lip and lowering expression, and a younger, thinner urchin, whose legs had considerably outgrown his trousers, and whose torn jacket evidently did not suffice to keep warm its owner. The lad's face, white and cold, was yet sparkling and alive with mischievous appreciation of the encounter. Joan spoke.

"I'm glad you're not cowards, you two," she said clearly and briskly. Ringleaders these, her intuition immediately told her that they must be won to her side at all hazards. "It's a mean thing to run away from what one has done. That is what the others did. But I think *you* threw the mud," she continued, turning on him of the long lip and red hair, whose hands betrayed him.

He raised his little, cunning eyes, half-frightened, half-defiant.

"'Twas 'e told I to," he said, indicating his companion.

"Never mind! Now that it's done it's no good talking about it. But it was a rude thing to do, because men and boys ought always to try to help women and girls, and not to hurt them. Come and help me now, will you? I don't know the ways of the place, and I want some water fetched, and some sticks chopped, and some things carried. But first of all you shall have tea with me. Would you like that?"

They did not answer her, but they followed her in at the school-house gate and through the hall door into the kitchen. And when they had washed their hands and faces in a pannikin of water, and, with much laughter, dried them on Joan's pocket-handkerchief—the only substitute for a towel to hand—the three partook of tea amicably together.

CHAPTER III.—"THE FAMILY."

THE experience of Joan's first six months in Haven's End was one which she would not have willingly afterwards repeated.

The place was one of those remote districts of Hertfordshire which seem the stranger and more barbarous when one takes into consideration how near they lie to the mighty metropolis. In itself a mere hamlet, consisting of its school and some score of cottages, it was absolutely without any of the civilising influences common to most country villages. The church stood at a good half-mile's distance; and close to it, in what represented the remains of an old manor-house, which had probably at a more distant period been a monastery, lived the largest farmer of the district. The rectory stood three-quarters of a mile farther off than the church, half-a-dozen cottages sprinkled in its neighbourhood. Three more hamlets, each a mile distant from the school, and a few farmsteads made up the parish. Resident gentry were represented by a single family, occupying "the great house" at Haven's Green, its members generally absent in London, or on the Continent, for half the year.

The Rector Joan had met in London, travelling thither with her father, before her appointment as head-teacher to the mixed school of Haven's End had been settled. He was a childless widower getting on for middle age, a man of practical common sense, and not a little respected in his neighbourhood and diocese. To Joan he seemed both fussy and pompous. It never struck her to think that Mr. Bolero found his relations with his young schoolmistress fraught with difficulty. It was very hard for him either to secure or keep a teacher for his school; hence his readiness to accept Joan's eagerly proffered services, in spite of the inevitable contingencies which they opened up. The salary was small, the children rude and unruly, the countryside dull—so previous teachers had all unanimously informed him shortly after their arrival at Haven's End. Here was a teacher who made no complaints, and who suited his convenience admirably; yet he neither knew how he should treat her, nor

whether he was satisfied with the way in which she treated him.

For Joan, totally unconscious of peculiarity, struck out for herself an entirely new line in the management of the children. The Rector was no longer called upon by a tearful and irate mistress to administer corporal chastisement at regular intervals to batches of howling or defiant urchins. Joan's methods were different. She had broken the spirit of the village ringleaders, to begin with, by installing them in the position of her prime favourites, and expecting of them that they should live up to this honour. In process of time Albert Prior, whose Christian name, as being too fine for everyday use, or the wickedness of its owner, had been transformed by the village into Sammy, was known to thrash Johnnie Black for making faces at the "gov'ness" behind her back. But this was not for many a long day, and we are anticipating.

Joan had a plan whereby virtuous infants (in the school sense) were rewarded on Friday afternoons by the recital of thrilling and delightful fairy-tales. Sinners—unrepentant sinners, that is to say, for many exceptions were made, in the end, to the "condemned list"—were incontinently thrust forth, and despatched homewards, reluctant and weeping. To the rest Joan would rehearse the adventures of Jack the Giant-killer, of Aladdin and Sinbad, the stories of Cinderella, Little Snowwhite, or the Three Bears. Any Friday afternoon she might have been surprised thus, sitting on into the dusk, some half-frightened, wholly enthralled baby on her knees, while the rest fronted her on their little benches, round-eyed, unwinking, hanging breathless on her lips. Once, when Mr. Bolero had occasion to visit the school during the play hour, his dignity had been not a little affronted. As he waited in the deserted schoolroom for the return of the teacher his ears were assailed by the shouting and whooping of many voices. Then Joan, very red in the face, her tumbled hair all over her eyes, and uttering hoarse roars as she came, charged into him. She drew herself up sharply as she collided, to encounter his shocked and somewhat offended gaze.

"Oh! I beg your pardon!" she exclaimed, hushing into silence the tumultuous infants. "I—I'm a *Bear*!"

Mr. Bolero was not used to such conduct in his teachers.

Then Joan had her own system with the older children. She did not use the cane, and dire prophecies had been in vogue amongst the wisacres of the village, as well as general rejoicing amongst the youngsters, when this discovery was made. Joan, indeed, had at first been hard put to to maintain her authority without the employment of the rod. The first time she stood out a big boy for insubordination he amused himself with a series of such grotesque grimaces as kept the class she was engaged in teaching in continual, if muffled, merriment. This condition was easily remedied by turning

the children so that they sat with their backs to the culprit; but Joan herself was then exposed to the full play of the rascal's facial ingenuity, and had hard work to preserve an unmoved countenance. His full punishment did not descend until he learned that he was not to accompany the "gov'ness" on the Saturday-afternoon expedition which she had planned. Five-and-twenty happy boys and girls trooped off with her, and came back with delightful stories of their cross-country adventures, and the buns and apples upon which they had been refreshed. Then the defiant one knew that he had lost more pleasure than he had gained, and the next week saw him a docile, exemplary pupil.



SHE HEARD AND KNEW EVERYTHING.

Perhaps the greatest difficulty with which Joan had to contend was her assistant teacher. Between fifty and sixty children attended the school. A monitress and one other instructress were allowed Joan, and Miss White, who had acted as assistant teacher at Haven's End for some ten years past, was a constant thorn in poor Joan's side. Her extreme gentility Joan could have put up with, furnishing, as it did unconsciously, rich material for Joan's fund of humour. It was her dogged and unintelligent clinging to exploded standards and notions that irritated Joan sometimes almost beyond bearing.

"It never was done in Miss Crabley's time."

"Mrs. Jones never allowed such a thing."

These were the remonstrances which continually rang in Joan's ears, and she could not persuade Miss White that neither Mrs. Jones nor Miss Crabley's ideals had the least shadow of sacredness in her eyes. Miss White would listen with a gentle simper to the exposition of Joan's theories (beautiful theories, which she had elaborated for herself, and which worked in practice far better than could have been expected, perhaps because their demonstrator possessed a large enough share of strong personal influence to counterbalance their crudities). Then she would give a little affected giggle and turn away; and Joan knew that the giggle meant what Miss White had not the courage to say: "What a funny young thing you are!"

Joan had been at Haven's End more than three months before "the family" returned to the house at The Green. In the meantime she had, of course, heard something of them. Widow Day had constituted herself, in a way, Joan's informer and champion. She was the relict of the late head-gardener at "the great house." In contradistinction to Mrs. Gladding, she represented the frozen and unassailable aspect of respectability. Mrs. Gladding's unimpeachable morals allowed her to mix freely, without exciting adverse criticism, with the very lowest in the village, for whom she was constantly doing some kindness. Widow Day stood aloof, in sublime contempt of the erring and the feckless, only occasionally tricked into active co-operation with her friend by Susan Gladding's diplomacy. It was she who cleaned the church and the school, who had prepared the school-house for Joan's reception, and who was promptly installed by Joan as her charwoman and washerwoman. Widow Day was a woman of great discretion, albeit a very emporium of all village gossip. She heard and knew everything, but rarely passed on her information. Her pity and interest were, however, roused on behalf of "that pore young thing," Joan Harding, and for her enlightenment and instruction she vouchsafed to break the seals of her silence.

From her Joan learned that Mr. Rankes was enormously rich, partially paralysed, and wholly unpopular; that Mrs. Rankes, dead some two years, must have been an amiable nonentity; that the young ladies were very "high"—i.e. haughty. Widow Day further hinted that the rector was "paying attentions" to the younger of the two sisters, but that it was popularly supposed in the village that he was "not fine enough for her." These details Joan was able to piece together with the information derived from home sources. Her father wrote to her that he had discovered that Caleb Rankes, a self-made man, now the wealthy proprietor of some large coal-mines in Yorkshire, had a house in her immediate neighbourhood. His son was in the army, and reputed to be some-

thing of a ne'er-do-well, though well-educated and superior in breeding to his parents. Of daughters there was no mention. Joan, thus conversant with the family antecedents, could not but smile at the instances of the Rankes's pretensions, rehearsed for her benefit in solemn tones by the Widow Day.

Joan first saw "the young ladies" in church; but beyond a general impression of the gorgeous array of both, and the inattentive behaviour of one, carried away no definite notions of them. She was next surprised by a visit from them while she was in school.

Now Joan, child though she looked, romp and idealist though she was—the scarcely developed child-nature clinging to her—was nevertheless a rigid disciplinarian. When, therefore, the Misses Rankes sailed into the school one fine morning, after an inaudible knocking at the door, just as Joan was engrossed with an arithmetic lesson, she had no hesitation in deputing the monitress to inform the ladies that Miss Harding was engaged with school work, and would not be free for half an hour. She fully expected that her visitors would make an offended retreat. But, contrary to her expectations, they found themselves seats, and awaited her leisure—a serious disturbance to the children's orderliness.

The lesson finished, Joan proceeded to dismiss her pupils for the dinner-hour, and invited the ladies to return with her to the adjacent school-house.

"Oh dear, no!" said the elder of the two. "We did not really come to see you, though I suppose we ought to have done so." She tittered, but her smile was mirthless and disagreeable. She was well over thirty, and dressed in the extreme of fashion, her thin hair crimped over her faded forehead. "But we like to drop in now and again to see how the school is going on. The people like it, you know. And I daresay the teachers are not sorry for the little break in their dull lives. At least, until to-day, they have always seemed so."

Joan looked gravely on the speaker out of her round, bright eyes. She did not answer, and her look and her silence were disconcerting. The younger sister broke in, in a sharp, high voice, which somehow seemed a contradiction to her *empressé* manner.

"Oh, we don't dote on village-children, you know," she explained superciliously; "but we are glad to find them needlework and things to do in school. It's such a help, for it relieves our maid, who has quite enough on her hands. I have some plain sewing I want done now, and I will send it down at once. Do you like your place here? Mr. Bolero—he's a great friend of ours—has told us *all* about you. It must be so odd for you! I should have thought you could have chosen a much easier way of making a livelihood—being a companion, or something like that. But I hope we shall see quite a lot of you."

Joan paled and literally stiffened physically

under her great indignation. But she answered with complete composure.

"I shall be happy to see you when you like to call on me. But I am much engaged with the children, and have little leisure. I regret that they cannot undertake your needlework; but I find them so backward in their sewing that it will require all our time to prepare them for the specimens expected at the Inspection. I must ask you to excuse me now, as I have my dinner to prepare."

She bowed, and left them with such immense dignity as rendered them for some few moments speechless. Then Henrietta, the elder, spoke: "The little upstart!" she gasped. "She must certainly be taught *her* place!"

"Perhaps she has relations of good family," returned Lena, who generally found excuse for those attacked by her sister. "Let's look the name up in Debrett and the County Families book when we get home. She has some distinction about her, though she was very pert and very untidy."

"Distinction!" snorted Henrietta, unappeased. "Fancy trying distinction on with *us*, with her squire's family! Insolent little minx—that's all the distinction I saw about her. And depend upon it she is setting her cap at Mr. Bolero. Didn't you see how her face changed when you mentioned his name?"

Lena looked archly at her sister. Henrietta herself, so she thought, was not guiltless of the charge which she now brought against the school-teacher. But she contented herself with replying meaningly that the Rector was very well able to take care of himself, without any help from their quarter.

The sisters reached home as the great gong was sounding for luncheon. They encountered their father in the hall, pushing himself towards the dining-room in his wheeled chair. Mr. Rankes was by no means powerless, having in part recovered the use of his paralysed limbs. But in the time of his utter helplessness he had become accustomed to the easy method of living on the ground floor, and wheeling himself about his establishment on his chair, and found it less trouble to continue this than to revert to walking, a process which was still with him a slow and laborious shuffle.

He was a bigly made, elderly man, with a dissatisfied expression. His yellowish-grey hair was very thick. He had a deep, rasping voice, and the habit of speaking in short, jerky sentences, which generally gave the impression of an accusation. Although his wealth was enormous, he had a shrinking from anything like expenditure on a large scale, and kept a firm hand on his more extravagantly disposed daughters. Housekeeping was carried on on the most economical lines, and there were periodical strikes amongst the domestics, when a solitary dish of rabbits (shot on the premises) appeared upon the table in the servants' hall for longer than three weeks consecutively.

The girls followed their father into the great dining-room, and took their places at the

showily appointed table. A thing to be remarked was that not an ounce of real silver was to be found on Mr. Rankes' entire establishment. Some seven years previously there had been a burglary on a large scale. The whole of the massive silver in the house, including an entire dinner-service, salvers, tea and coffee services, down to every teaspoon, had been abstracted in a single night. And the burglary had never been traced. Mr. Rankes stormed and fumed; engaged and dismissed detectives from Scotland Yard, and private detectives; offered rewards, and swore to accomplish great threats. But in the end nothing at all was done, and no clue to the stolen property or the thieves could be discovered. Then Mr. Rankes, greatly to the disgust of his daughters, vowed that from henceforth he would have nothing but electroplate in his establishment. And in so doing he flattered himself that he would baulk further possible raids, while he administered some sort of salve to his outraged niggardliness. His daughters, indeed, insisted that the plated articles should bear the coat-of-arms of the Rankes family, which was also displayed on a painted shield in the entrance-hall. And the neighbourhood smiled, and forgave the idiosyncrasies of the owner of half a million.

CHAPTER IV.—JOAN MAKES AN IMPRESSION.

IT would be difficult to mark the steps which led finally to an established intimacy between Joan Harding and Lena Rankes. The two young women seemed, at the outset, to have nothing in common. And when first the lady from the big house made overtures of friendship to the schoolmistress, that latter little person felt decidedly inclined to repel the advances.

It may be that the literature which Lena consulted gave a satisfactory report of Joan's lineage. It may be that Lena heard the rumour that Joan had dined at Sir Edward Edwardes's, a county magnate of the neighbourhood. Miss Tait, after a battle royal with her pupils' sister, had been victorious in the matter of providing Joan with several suitable introductions in the neighbourhood. Joan had insisted that the calls of society would clash with the claims of her duty and "mission." Miss Tait, with a wisdom which Joan lived to approve, had argued that a good connection in the neighbourhood would be invaluable to the girl in her position as teacher. For the older woman appreciated, as the younger could not, the practical worth of relationships which are respected, not alone by the poorer members of a community. So Joan was called upon by fine ladies, who drove in smart carriages, and were forced to thrust their cards under the schoolhouse front door, since its mistress kept no waiting-maid to answer the summons of the knocker, and was not herself free from school until beyond the usual calling hour. Joan returned these visits, sometimes

on a Saturday afternoon, more frequently after her day's schoolwork was over. She rode a bicycle, and made light of distances. There was something about her, a charm of manner, a sincerity of purpose, and a simplicity which was totally unconscious of her singular and magnetic power, that appealed to her fellows. People saturated in commonplace felt Joan's "mission," Joan's enthusiasm, like a refreshing breeze across the dead level of ordinary existence. Others sympathised with her objects; some took to her just for herself. So the schoolmistress of Haven's End became a popular figure in the neighbourhood, and received more invitations of one sort or another than she cared to accept.

For Joan was in deadly earnest. She had answered to a call which she believed to issue from Heaven above, as surely as did ever her namesake of Arc. God had entrusted to her a work for which she had long and strenuously laboured to fit herself; and now that she was engaged in its actual fulfilment she was fearful, scrupulously and heart-searchingly fearful, lest she should leave neglected any minute portion of complicated parts which served to make the whole. Joan's conception of her work was not that of a teacher of temporal truths alone. She wrestled for the hearts and souls of the children; she desired to establish between herself and them such a bond as would draw them after her, with her, along the path—to her gay with the flowers of the soul's delight, bright with the smile of God Himself—which led direct away from the mire and care of a sordid world.

It so happened that the first time Joan and Lena met, after their preliminary encounter in the school, was at a large "musical" evening party, given at the house of a wealthy banker, whose wife was an earl's daughter. Lady Maria and Joan's mother had been schoolfellows, and the middle-aged woman felt a kindly, if vexed, interest in the daughter of her childhood's friend. Joan had allowed herself to be persuaded to spend the Sunday at High Ash, and had been fetched by Lady Maria in her own special pony-carriage on the Saturday afternoon, in anticipation of the evening's entertainment.

The Misses Rankes arrived early in the evening, and did not attempt to conceal the surprise they felt at finding Joan established in the house, apparently on an intimate footing. There followed them two young-looking men; the military bearing and general features of the one proclaiming him to be Captain Rankes, their brother; while the other, dark and heavy-faced, seemed his friend.

"You will not need for me to introduce you to my new friend, the daughter of one of my oldest friends," the hostess said, holding Joan's hand, and regarding her with kindly eyes, as she advanced towards her guests: "Doubtless you have already become well acquainted. Joan, dear, you may like to walk with your friends through the conservatory."

Henrietta, who could not hide her scorn and chagrin, moved abruptly away, and charged at

another acquaintance. The two young men eyed each other sheepishly and turned aside. But Lena looked at Joan with a curious and not unfriendly gaze.

"We never expected to find *you* here," she said naively.

The drift of her remark, which indeed was not intentionally insulting, was lost on Joan. She explained quite simply the family connection, while she led her companion into the great illuminated conservatory, which opened out of the drawing-room.

Lena, puzzled and amused, cross-questioned Joan, while her eye took in the unmistakable cut and style of the plain gown of creamy silk which the girl wore. Was there ever such an enigma as this school-teacher?

They sat down together among the great palms, the air about them heavy with the scent of rare exotics. Lena had not much to say. Joan talked of the children of Haven's End, of their strange limitations and their stranger possibilities. Lena was anxious to lead the other on to more interesting, more cognate subjects. She would have liked to discuss Lady Maria; to find out who else in the neighbourhood had called on Joan; more of Joan's own family. But such matters were difficult to introduce with a companion who took it for granted that you were vitally interested in the fact of the discovery of a glimmer of generosity in the breast of one Sammy Prior.

"The child has elements of nobility in his character," Joan was saying persuasively, with a deprecating look from her sweet brown eyes, as though to unnerve contradiction. "Oh, I know he has got a bad name, poor little fellow; and all the mischief in the village is systematically laid at his door. But he is so good to his brothers and sisters—he can't be all bad! It is quite pathetic to see how gently he ties on little Mabel's faded old bonnet, so careful not to get the strings mixed up with those tangles of golden curls."

Joan left off speaking, and Lena wondered at the tremor in her voice, and half suspected moisture in the averted eyes. What did it matter if one village brat pulled or did not pull the hair of another?

"I don't know any of the village children apart," she said, half-crossly. "They all seem to me dirty, and horrid, and ill-mannered. You must not expect me to sympathise with you over them. I hear you are perfectly crazy about them, and allow them to badger you and pull you about, and do anything they like with you. It makes me creep to think of it!"

Joan's pained, inquiring eyes were hard to meet, but Lena returned their reproach with a hard, gay stare. Certainly there was something attractive about this little goose, and, since others had already done so, there was nothing to fear in holding out an encouraging hand to her, and even endeavouring to show her the folly, the disgusting folly, of her ways.

Joan's reproving glance had melted into one of pity.

"Ah! you don't know the children!" she said, in a tone expressive of her relief at finding some excuse for her companion's opinion. "If you knew them you could not speak of them like that. They are so full of good, and right, and noble impulses! So ready to recognise and make for the highest in life! It is we, their elders, their teachers—I mean their involuntary teachers—who are to blame for the false ideals, the low standard of conduct, that we hold up before them."

"Almost thou persuadest me to be a teacher," said a mocking voice behind them. They glanced hastily up, and saw that their conversation was being shared by Captain Rankes and his friend.

Lena, following an impulse evoked by her propinquity to Joan, introduced the two young men.

"Mr. Shaw, and my brother Captain Rankes," she said.

Joan bowed slightly, but the fountain of her eloquence had been effectively stopped. The derision in the face of young Shaw was but partially veiled. His friend's more vacant countenance showed some of the interest which the exhibition of a strange and uncouth beast might have aroused in him. Joan was not sorry that a gesture of her hostess summoned her into the drawing-room. She was wanted to play an accompaniment. Later on she took a more prominent share in the evening's programme. Although in no way a musical genius, she possessed true musical feeling, and had been well taught. Her playing was above the average. In the short *Lied* of Mendelssohn which she had chosen she showed, beyond a faithful rendering, both intimacy and sympathy with the master. Also as she played, quite self-unconscious and self-forgetful in her keen appreciation of the music, her peculiar and appealing charm made itself felt. General attention was arrested.

As the guests filed off to supper Joan found Captain Rankes bowing somewhat awkwardly before her. She accepted his arm, and they walked in silence together. The young man was uncomfortably conscious of the disapproving looks cast him by his elder sister, and the mocking whispers addressed to her by Shaw, who was holding for her her sandwiches and champagne in a distant corner of the great dining-hall. Joan, though oblivious of the real reason for his embarrassment, could discover no topic that she was likely to have in common with her cavalier, and therefore also kept silence. Neither was sorry when a return to the drawing-room relieved them of the necessity for each other's society. For, though the young man was anxious to be civil, and to show Joan that he was prepared to receive her as his equal, on her own merits, and quite apart from the question of her position, he had no idea how to express his good intentions, and Joan was too infatuated to guess at his motives or appreciate the self-sacrifice of his action.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THIS year marks the one hundred and thirtieth anniversary of the foundation of the Royal Academy. The oldest of existing art societies, it shows no signs of decay; the object of violent and long-continued attacks, it thrives and waxes in prosperity from year to year. The public ranks it, with Parliament and the morning tub, as an integral part of the British constitution; and to let May pass without paying one's shilling at the Burlington House turnstile (proud turnstile, that gives no change!) is to shut oneself off from the amenities of social intercourse. You may not know Burne-Jones from Dendy Sadler, but when the inevitable question is asked, "Have you been to the Academy?" you must be able to answer in the affirmative, or suffer disgrace.

The position the Academy occupies is a peculiar one. Nominally it is not a public institution at all. Unlike the other royal societies, it holds no royal charter. It is a private *protégé* of the Crown, and the State has no official knowledge of its existence. It is independent and self-supporting; house-room is all it receives of the nation, and even that is due, not to an Act of Parliament, but to a personal promise of George the Third's. But public opinion has long since conferred upon it official rank, and the courtesy title has been accepted as a real one, with all the honour and responsibility implied therein. The Prime Minister sits and speaks at the annual banquet; the private view is the inaugural function of the social year; the care of rising merit is confidently entrusted to the hanging committee, and any neglect on their part to acknowledge good work is the subject of as much indignant comment as a miscarriage of justice in the courts of law.

The origin of the Royal Academy was inauspicious enough. It was born in an atmosphere of petty intrigues and undignified squabbles. The story is a complicated one, and can only be given here in brief outline. It opens at the Foundling Hospital, of all places in the world! Captain Coram's bequest provided for the building and endowment of the Hospital, but not for its decoration, and a number of artists, headed by Hogarth, volunteered their services for ornamenting the principal rooms. In acknowledgment of this gratuitous help they were elected governors of the Hospital, and were authorised to meet in the building to devise means for carrying on their good work. From a committee of three they grew into a large assembly, and in 1759 they formed themselves into an Art Society. Meanwhile the pictures at the Hospital attracted

large crowds of sightseers, and it was suggested that the new society should organise a public exhibition of its work. This was done, and the first picture-show in England was held in 1760. Dissensions arose at once, and the Society split into two. The seceders, known as the "Free Society," after holding several exhibitions, managed to quarrel among themselves; the members expelled the directors, and the directors petitioned the King to lend his countenance to the establishment of yet another society, to be called the Royal Academy. George III, though ignorant of painting, was quite willing to pose as a patron of art. He approved of the scheme; after some difficulty Reynolds, already at the head of his profession, was persuaded to join, and the Royal Academy was born on December 18, 1768. Among the members were all the living painters of eminence, with the notable exception of Romney. Reynolds was elected president. Two members were ladies; two others, it is curious to note, were respectively a sign-painter and a carriage-painter; and Reynolds' friends, Dr. Johnson and Oliver Goldsmith, were appointed honorary professors of ancient literature and history.

The early exhibitions were held in what had been an auctioneer's warehouse in Pall Mall. At the first show, in 1769, the members exhibited 129 works, most of which must have been commissions, since only two were for sale. The charge for admission was one shilling, as now—catalogues gratis. In one respect this first Academy exhibition differed favourably from its forerunners and competitors: it was devoted exclusively to works of art as we understand the expression, and not in the extensive and peculiar way it was interpreted by contemporary taste. For example, here are three items from the Society of Arts Catalogue for 1767:

"Two birds in shell work, on a rock decorated with sea-coral."

"A Landscape in human hair."

"A Frame of various devices, cut in vellum with scizzors, containing the Lord's Prayer in the compass of a silver three-pence."

There was no limit, as there is now, to the number of pictures a member might send. From 1769 to 1790 Reynolds contributed no less than 244; in 1783 Gainsborough was represented by twenty-six works. Truly there were giants in those days!

The first of the annual dinners was held in 1771. In 1780 the Academy removed to Somerset House. About 1830 it had outgrown its accommodation there; and the Government offered to make room for it in the newly



Lord Leighton, from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company; Sir John Millais, from a photograph by Elliott & Fry;
Sir E. J. Poynter, from a photograph by Russell & Sons.

projected National Gallery. Here it established itself in 1839, and for thirty years our two chief art institutions were housed under the same roof. By 1869 both had grown so enormously that there was no longer room for them together. Again the Government came to the rescue, and assigned to the Academy the premises in Burlington House which it has occupied ever since.

The Royal Academy consists of not more than forty members and thirty associates, exclusive of foreign members and such as have retired from active duty. It is governed by a council of ten, chosen in rotation from the

Gallery, the existence of which is practically ignored by the public, though it is open daily without charge. Election nights are times of great excitement, not only among artists, but also among their humble, indispensable assistants, the professional models, who on such occasions gather in force on the steps of Burlington House. When the election is over, the head porter comes out and announces the result, and immediately there is a wild stampede. On foot and in hansoms the models race to the homes of the lucky ones, for by long-established custom the first to bring the good tidings can claim a reward of a guinea.

Joshua Reynolds. *Benjⁿ West*
James Wyat *Thos. Lawrence.*
Martin Archer Shee
Granville *C. L. Eastlake*
Henry Leighton.
Charles Hayman
Edward J. Poynter

AUTOGRAPHS OF THE PRESIDENTS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

members. Both members and associates take part in the elections. Members are chosen from among the associates, associates from a list of prominent outsiders to which any member is at liberty to add. Elections are by ballot, the names at the bottom of the poll at successive votings being eliminated, until only two remain for the final choice. Members elect have to deposit a diploma picture within six months of their election. After being shown at the Academy exhibition, the pictures are relegated to the honourable obscurity of the Diploma

Two exhibitions are held in the course of the year, one from January to March of "Old Masters and Deceased Masters of the British School" (it was devoted in 1897 and 1898 to the works of Leighton and Millais respectively), and the other, from the first Monday in May to August Bank Holiday, of works by living painters. The intending exhibitor has to walk circumspectly. He must not send more than eight works, and they must not have been exhibited in London before. Pictures must be respectably arrayed in gilt frames, and only

water-colours are allowed the luxury of a protecting glass. He is warned against sending oval frames, or frames with very wide borders, and also against supplementing his titles with "excessive quotations." And all "mere transcripts of the objects of natural history" are foredoomed to rejection.

The dates of sending in are usually the last Saturday and Monday in March for pictures, and the following Tuesday for sculpture. Academicians and associates are allowed an extra week.

Every work must bear the official label, properly filled in; and from the number of these labels issued it is possible to estimate pretty accurately the number of works sent in. This is very large, and of late years it has increased enormously—one might say alarmingly. A few years ago the average number was 10,000; last year it was 12,000; and this year it is said that the extraordinary number of 14,000 works was submitted to the selecting committee, whose task cannot have been an enviable one.

The selecting committee is composed of the members of the council. Before them is placed a large easel, on which the pictures are put one by one by the attendant carpenters. After a consultation—which must be brief enough in most cases—the verdict is pronounced, and the head carpenter, standing behind the picture, chalks on its back one of the three letters, A (accepted), D (doubtful), or O (out). The time allotted for this rough classification is necessarily brief: about a week is all that can be spared; and in that time, if we exclude architectural drawings, which are dealt with separately, the council, at the most moderate estimate, have to pass judgment on considerably over 1,000 pictures a day. One is not surprised to hear that, towards the end of the task, eyes and brains grow so weary that the judges are almost incapable of distinguishing one picture from another. Such a state of affairs clamours for a remedy; and it has been proposed, reasonably enough, that the present limit of eight works should be lowered, and that, at any rate, no outsider should be allowed to send more than two pictures. As it is, men are accused of ransacking their studios in order to send in the full number, on the chance of getting a single one accepted; and it is even said that not long ago one misguided lady, by a careful distribution of her applications for labels among different frame makers, contrived to give the committee their choice of twenty-two specimens of her skill.

Naturally, mistakes are sometimes made. Academicians are only human, and immunity from error and prejudice is not included among the privileges of their rank. Good work is rejected, bad accepted; but, considering the enormous difficulties they have to contend with, they discharge their duty with sufficient fairness and discrimination. Still, curious things do happen. One hears of the six times rejected picture of an indomitable competitor

finding an honourable place on the line at the seventh attempt. Academicians and associates are exempt from judgment, and the story goes that some years ago an Academician of long standing and European fame sent his picture in on one of the days allotted to outsiders, instead of a week later, as is usual. On the varnishing day he arrived and went through the galleries; his picture was nowhere to be found. He made inquiries—no one had seen it. A horrid doubt arose in some one's mind; a search was instituted, and the picture was discovered ignominiously stowed away in a corner, with the fatal O on its back. Sent in before it was expected, it had gone before the council in the ordinary way, and had been promptly rejected. Profuse apologies followed, and an offer to make room for it somewhere. But the Academician had a sense of humour, and insisted on the council abiding by its own decision. If the picture was too bad to pass, he said, it was too bad to hang, and hang it should not.

Another tale is told by a well-known sculptor-Academician, of the days when he was unknown to fame. On sending-in day he and his statue went together to Burlington House. A foot projected a little way from the base of the statue, and fearing lest some damage might be done to it by careless handling, he asked one of the porters to take particular care of it, at the same time slipping five shillings into his hand. The work was accepted, and he went round on varnishing day to see how it was placed. Up came his friend the porter with a mysterious smile on his face.

"It's all right, sir, as you see," he said. "I took care of it for you." Then, in a whisper, "*I slipped it through when they weren't looking!*"

From the committee of selection, the accepted and doubtful pictures pass into the hands of the hanging committee, which consists of from five to seven members, including a sculptor, an architect, and the Academician last elected. It is their duty, after arranging the members' and accepted outsiders' work, to decide finally the fate of the doubtful pictures—a delicate task, for there may be space for a thousand pictures and perhaps twice as many to choose from, all of which the council has considered worthy of a place. It is whispered that towards the end, when many odd corners remain to be filled up, the head carpenter with his yard measure becomes a person of importance, and the convenient shape of a picture may often turn the scale in its favour.

The number of works exhibited at the Royal Academy varies considerably from year to year. Taking the official figures for the last five years, we find the average numbers to be: 974 oil paintings, 425 water-colours, 200 architectural drawings, 143 engravings and etchings, and 139 pieces of sculpture—making a total of 1,884 works. Last year the numbers were rather above the average; this year the

total reaches 1,967, of which 1,005 were oil paintings. So it may be concluded that six out of every seven works sent up this year were doomed to rejection.

The Monday before opening day is the outsiders' varnishing day, when they come with paint-boxes and palettes to put the finishing touches to their work—often to make extensive alterations, for a picture on the walls, with other competing pictures round it, often looks very different from the same picture in the calm seclusion of the studio. Academicians are allotted three days in the previous week. In the old times, before art clubs, these days provided the chief opportunity for social intercourse among members; and they held an important place in the art-training of the younger ones. "Painting went on in common," says Redgrave; "much of precept, much of practice, and much of common experience, were interchanged."

Turner would often paint practically the whole of a picture after it was hung, elaborating a finished work from an incoherent sketch. A host of stories are told of him in this connection; the best of them is well-known, but it will bear repeating. It is thus narrated by Walter Thornbury:

"In 1822, when Constable exhibited his 'Opening of Waterloo Bridge,' it was placed in the School of Painting, one of the small rooms at Somerset House. A sea piece by Turner was next to it—a grey picture, beautiful and true, but with no positive colour in any part of it. Constable's picture seemed as if painted with liquid gold and silver, and Turner came several times into the room while he was heightening with vermilion and lake the decorations and flags of the City barges. Turner stood behind him, looking from the 'Waterloo' to his own picture; and, putting a round daub of red lead, somewhat bigger than a shilling, on his grey sea, went away without a word. The intensity of the red lead, made more vivid by the coolness of his picture, caused even the vermilion and lake of Constable to look weak. On Leslie entering the room just as Turner had left it, 'He has been here,' said Constable, 'and fired off a gun.' On the opposite wall was a rather warm picture, by Jones, of 'Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego in the Furnace.' 'A coal,' said Cooper, 'has bounced across the room from Jones's picture, and set fire to Turner's sea.' Turner did not come again into the room for a day and a-half; and then, in the last moments that were allowed for painting, he glazed the scarlet seal he had put on his picture, and shaped it into a buoy."

Turner disliked Constable. But when a friend was concerned he could behave very differently. Here is another story from the same source:

"When his picture of 'Cologne' was exhibited in the year 1826, it was hung between two portraits by Sir Thomas Lawrence. The sky of Turner's picture being exceedingly bright, it had a most injurious effect on the colour of the two portraits, and Lawrence naturally felt mortified, and openly complained of the position. At a private view on the morning of the opening of the Exhibition, a friend of Turner's who had seen the 'Cologne' in all its splendour led a group of expectant critics up to it. He started back from it in consternation. The golden sky had changed to a dun colour. He ran up to the artist, who was in another part of the room. 'Turner, Turner, what have you been doing to your picture?' 'Oh,' muttered Turner, in a low voice, 'poor Lawrence was so unhappy! It's only lamp-black. It'll all wash off after the Exhibition!' He had actually passed a wash-off lamp-black in water colour over the sky, and utterly spoiled

his picture for the time; and so he let it remain through the Exhibition, to gratify Lawrence."

The Wednesday and the Thursday morning following varnishing day are set apart for the press, and the Thursday afternoon for the visits of Royalty. On the Friday is held the private view. In one respect this is the most important day of all, for it is the day of the dealer and the art-patron, the day when the clerk in charge of the sale-book is busiest. Of course many of the pictures are commissions, or have been sold on the easel, but the majority of the exhibitors look for the modest reward of their labour and the recoupment of the expense of frames and models to the invited visitors, not to the plebeian paying herd that comes after. Yet private-view day may pass without a nibble, and still hope will not be abandoned. There is still the casual purchaser to depend on, and the cautious patron who waits until the last days of all, when the artist's pride is humbled, and a reduced offer is no longer rejected with scorn. It may be noted here that, unlike most other societies, the Academy charges no commission on sales. This helps to explain the rush to get in, for elsewhere the artist is mulcted of as much as twenty-five per cent. of his price—of the price he asks, too, not of the price he gets.

The number of pictures sold and the prices paid fluctuate largely from year to year, and might be thought to afford a sensitive test of the general prosperity of the country; for, as painters say, when things are bad, self-denial always begins with pictures. But whether this be a true or full explanation is doubtful. If we accept it, the Budget figures of Sir Michael Hicks Beach should be an omen of prosperity in the art world. Perhaps the best time artists have known of recent years was in the late seventies, when trade was flourishing, and a decent picture was practically certain to sell. Then came commercial disturbances; some large collections went to the auction-rooms, and fetched only a fraction of what they had originally cost. Purchasers, many of whom buy pictures as they would land or stocks, as investment, took alarm, and the modern picture market has never quite recovered since. Paradoxical as it may seem, the Academy sales have also suffered through the increased interest the public have taken in art of late years. Rival shows have multiplied enormously, not only in London, but all over the kingdom. Innumerable art schools turn out more or less competent painters by the hundred. Still, one may take with a grain of salt the complaint of artists—proverbially a race of good-humoured grumblers—that things were never so bad as they are now. Prices have been higher, and they have been much lower. Without going back to the dark ages when Gainsborough in the height of his fame could only demand £63 for a masterpiece (the portrait of Garrick at Stratford), it may be recalled that Constable's usual price for a landscape was £100, and that Turner received on an average £300 apiece for the pictures of

his "middle" period. As late as the fifties £500 was a large price, which few could venture to demand; nowadays £1000 is more common, and much higher sums are not unheard of. Far more money is spent on pictures now than then; only, there are many more pockets to share in its distribution.

No art is so much influenced by fashion as the art of painting. It is a common observation that every few years at the Academy there is a run on some special class of subject—at one time allegory, at another fish-wives, at another problems of conflicting lights, and so on. Special places, too, are favoured at different times by these gregarious folk; and a man returns from a holiday with his mouth and his sketch-book full of the beauties of some unknown and admirably inaccessible spot; a rush takes place, comparable to that of miners to a newly discovered gold-field; and for the next year or two London finds itself growing curiously familiar with every alley and back-yard of some obscure Sussex village or Cornish "porth." Then some new place is discovered; the brief vogue of Beer or Walberswick declines; white umbrellas no longer spring up in their streets like mushrooms after a shower; and their landladies and picturesque loafers are left lamenting.

Taking a broader scope, one might trace the history of English art by the appearance in the catalogues of certain great names, heads of schools, with their lesser satellites about them. Thus, *genre* painting we have always with us, but its palmy days began in 1806, when Wilkie suddenly leapt into fame with his "Village Politicians," and were continued well into the fifties under the auspices of Leslie, Ward, and Mulready. Then there was the long period—a good half-century—during which Landseer held a higher place in the affections of the great public than any painter before or since. His first picture was exhibited in 1815, when he was a child of thirteen; his last great work, the "Swannery invaded by Sea Eagles," was shown in 1869. The list of titles between is a list of household words. What some will regard as the greatest of all the names on the Academic roll, appears in the catalogue for a still longer period. During the sixty years from 1790 to 1850, Turner only failed to exhibit three times.

In 1850, the Council little realised the momentous nature of its act, when it accepted for exhibition three canvases by three very young and quite unknown men, whose enthusiasm for early Italian art had lately led them to form a kind of revolutionary league or triple alliance, under the title of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. In a few weeks the three, Millais, Rossetti, and Holman Hunt, the eldest of whom was scarcely out of his teens, found themselves the centre of a raging controversy. The chief attack was made on Millais' "Christ in the House of His Parents," and no reproaches were too scornful to heap on the head of the man who had dared to say a new thing in an unpromising way, without a single pretty turn of

speech to soften its effect. The "Times" and "Household Words" were the foremost among the assailants; the other side found a redoubtable champion in Ruskin, who, in the first of his famous letters to the "Times," defended the innovators and proclaimed the dawn of a new era in art. The storm broke out afresh in 1854 over Holman Hunt's "Light of the World"; and Mr. Ruskin was again compelled to come forward in defence of earnestness and sincerity against frivolous criticism. "For my own part"—thus he ends the letter to the "Times"—"I think it one of the very noblest works of sacred art ever produced in this or any other age."

The league was soon dispersed; each member found his own way and walked in it unsupported; but it left behind a permanent and far-reaching influence. Later, it found an echo—an Irish echo with variations and amplifications—among the followers of Burne-Jones, though the master himself has only once exhibited at the Academy.

Excitement of a different kind, and more popular than artistic, was aroused in 1856 by the exhibition of Mr. Frith's "Derby Day." The crowds in front of it were so great, that a railing was erected to preserve it from damage, a thing the necessity for which had never arisen before in the history of the Academy. Long in the National Gallery, it is now placed with the other modern English pictures in the Tate collection.

There is no space here, and little need, to go over the history of recent years. For long one name has bulked more largely than any other, in the estimation of artists and the public alike, and our loss is still too recent for us to realise clearly that we have no longer Millais with us to leaven the tameness of a mediocre year, nor can any hazard a guess as to who is to take his place. If any influence can be said to predominate in the bewildering variety of creeds and methods, it is the influence, not of a man with a soul, but of the technical craftsmanship of the Paris and Antwerp studios.

When one speaks of the Academy, one is generally thinking of the Exhibition; but it must not be forgotten that its name implies it to be, in the first instance, a teaching institution. The first act of the newly incorporated Society was to establish a studio in Maiden Lane; and from this small beginning the Academy Schools have grown up side by side with the Exhibitions, each giving and receiving support, money on one side, and budding exhibitors on the other. For instruction at the Schools is entirely gratuitous, all expenses being paid out of the Academy's privy purse, which is chiefly fed by the exhibition receipts. (It is curious to note that in the early days the shilling admission was an innovation, and bitterly resented as such. Even as late as the thirties, Lord John Russell was agitating for its abolition.) There are schools of painting and drawing, of sculpture, and of architecture. Gold medals and travelling studentships of £200 are awarded biennially in

each branch, and there are also various annual money prizes and medals. The professors are chosen from among the Academicians, and all members serve in rotation as visitors. Those to whom the word "academic" is a word of reproach are not backward in criticising and condemning what they consider the old-fashioned style of tuition adopted in the Schools. Official institutions are apt to be conservative; whether this is a merit or a defect is of course a matter of opinion. At any rate the Schools have numbered good intellects; a list of eminent pupils would include Turner, Wilkie, Constable, Landseer, Fred Walker, Millais, and Hook, to give only a few names. The average number of students is about one hundred. Applicants for admission have a double test to undergo. First with their application they must send in four specimens of their ability—in the case of painters, a chalk drawing from the antique, a drawing of a head and arm from the life, and two anatomical drawings with bones and muscles labelled. If these are satisfactory, they are admitted as probationers, and must then attend at the Academy to undergo a second trial within strict time limits, and under the eyes of the authorities. If this is successful they are admitted as students for three years, at the end of which they can continue for another two years after passing a third examination. The age limit in the first instance is twenty-three.

From its funds the Academy also provides gifts of annuities to aged and necessitous artists both within and without its own circle. One of its most important duties is the administration of the Chantrey Bequest. Sir Francis Chantrey, the sculptor, died in 1841, and left in his will a sum (said to have been £30,000) to be applied to the purchase of works of art from the walls of the Academy Exhibitions. The fund was intended primarily for the encouragement of rising talent, and the works purchased were to be national property. The fund accumulated until 1877. Since then, exclusive of this year, eighty-four works have been bought at a total cost of £51,711, giving an average of £615 each, and an average yearly expenditure of £2,464. Until last year the majority of them were housed at South Kensington; now they have found a fitting home in the Tate Gallery. Among the most important of them may be mentioned Millais's "Speak, speak!" Orchardson's "Napoleon on board the *Bellerophon*," and Leighton's bronze "Athlete struggling with a Python."

When the Academy is criticised, and accused of failing to recognise genius, it is well to remember that the notable painters to whom it has refused membership may be counted on the fingers. Still, they are there—the ghostly occupants of the Forty-First Chair, as our French neighbours have it—and among them are Romney, David Cox, Rossetti, Linnell, and Albert Moore. They are few; in spite of their exclusion they rest secure of fame, and the Academy has long since repented of its inhospitality; there is no more to be said. Among living painters, two names will occur to everyone—Holman Hunt, who has voluntarily and expressly cut himself off from all connection with official art, and Sir Edward Burne-Jones, who was once admitted to the inner door, waited there till he was weary, and departed again. One question is often asked, and may be asked again. The Academy extends its hospitality to painters, architects, and sculptors; when will it do honour to itself and an important branch of art by electing a man whose reputation has been earned by black-and-white work? Nowadays the pen is mightier than the brush; and the great army of illustrators has had no representative in the council of the chiefs since Gilbert died.

Well, one may criticise and criticise, and the Academy remains; and, as the "Times" critic once said, "When Englishmen possess a machine ready made for a particular purpose, they are not likely to discard it because it happens not to work perfectly." If it were abolished, one may be sure that nothing better would take its place; and to many a young painter life would lose half its zest if there were no Academy to bombard with abuse—and pictures.

We give with this article a complete series of the portraits and autographs of the Presidents of the Royal Academy from its foundation to the present day. If some of the names seem unfamiliar, it must be remembered that the position and duties of the President are as much social as artistic. He has speeches to make and finances to control, and if the greatest living artist has only twice filled the Presidential chair, it is because the greatest living artist is not always at once an orator and a business man.



STORY OF THE ENGLISH SHIRES.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF LONDON.

CAMBRIDGE.



ELY.

THE determining feature in the history of the Eastern Counties is the vast swamp which ran nearly from Lincoln to Cambridge, known by the name of the Fenland.

Roman Military Posts.

It was a waste of water receiving the rainfall of Central England, where sluggish streams deposited their slime, and forced their way through with difficulty into the Wash. This desolate country was in winter an expanse of water, with a few islands rising here and there; in summer it was a marsh, covered with reeds and coarse grass, the haunt of innumerable wildfowl. The Romans carried their roads on the outskirts of this unattractive region. On one of these roads, the Via Devana, they built a fort by the river Granta, or Cam, at a place first known as Camboritum, then Grantbridge, and finally Cambridge. Close at hand was another Roman station which bears the name of Grantchester. These were held as military posts; for on the low chalk hills which rise beyond Cambridge are traces of much occupation by the Britons, and the British camp at Wandlebury seems to point to a strong British settlement.

When the Romans had departed, Britain became the prey of the invading English. A sturdy tribe brought their little ships into the Wash, and pushed along the Ouse and the Cam. They were known as the Gyrwas, or Fenlanders, taking their name from the territory which they occupied. Camboritum was reduced to a heap of ruins, and the invaders

settled where they chose. In time, as civilisation progressed, the old Roman site was reoccupied, and in the beginning of the tenth century Cambridge was a place of sufficient importance to give its name to a division of the Mercian kingdom.

The Isle of Ely.

The Gyrwas, however, were first connected with the East Anglians, and from them received the Christian faith. In 652 Tonbert, chief of the southern Gyrwas, married Etheldred, daughter of Anna, King of the East Anglians. According to the custom of those times, the bridegroom made his bride a present on their marriage, and chose for that purpose the Isle of Ely, which then rose isolated among the surrounding fens. Etheldred and Anna were devout Christians, and Etheldred soon had the grief of seeing her father fall in battle against the heathen Mercians, who absorbed the territory of the Gyrwas under their sway. Her husband died soon after, and the young widow gave herself to a life of devotion in the solitude of her own dowerland, the Isle of Ely. After three years she was sought in marriage by Egfrith, son of the great Northumbrian king Oswy, and her consent was reluctantly obtained. For twelve years she lived in her Northumbrian home; but when her husband succeeded to the throne, the rude life of the court became more and more distasteful to her, and she succeeded in obtaining her husband's permission to withdraw to the monastery of Coldingham, near

Berwick. There she took the veil ; but her husband repented of his acquiescence and longed to reclaim his wife. Terrified at the news of his approach, Etheldred fled from Coldingham, and after many wonderful adventures succeeded in making her way to Ely. There, in the solitary island which took its name from the eels which abounded in the neighbouring marshes, she founded a monastery of her own, where she lived an exemplary life bewailing the vanities of her former life. Some years after her death, her bones were deposited in a Roman sarcophagus discovered among the ruins of Camboritum. Her monastery of Ely took rank with Peterborough, Thorney, and Crowland as a centre of Christian influence in the Fenlands.

The borderers on the Fenland shared the wild spirit of the Marshmen, and seem to have been bad neighbours. In the south part of Cambridgeshire there exists a curious series of earthen dykes, which seem to have been erected as boundaries between East Anglia and Mercia. They were drawn across the open country which lies between the Fenland and the woods. The raised rampart is on the western side, showing that they were erected for the protection of the men of East Anglia. Four of these dykes can still be traced. The most important is now known as "The Devil's Ditch," and runs across Newmarket Heath. The ditch is twenty feet wide, and the bank eighteen feet above the level of the surrounding country, and thirty feet above the bottom of the ditch. Such a work is a testimony to the aggressiveness of the Fenlanders, and to the resoluteness of the East Anglians.

The progress of monastic civilisation and boundary disputes were alike checked abruptly by the Danish invasion. In 870 Etheldred's foundation at Ely shared the fate of its neighbours, and was reduced to ruins by the heathen Danes. They do not, however, seem to have settled much in this district, but preferred places of more attractiveness. History begins again with the efforts of the West Saxon kings and bishops to restore the civilisation which the Danes had wrecked. The great reviver of monasticism was Ethelwold, Bishop of Winchester, who, after Ely had been deserted for a hundred years, reared its walls again and established within them Benedictine monks. The revived monastery seems rapidly to have reached more than its old importance, and soon ranked with St. Augustine's, Canterbury, and Glastonbury. The abbots of these three monasteries were royal Chancellors in turn in the days of Etheldred, and continued to hold that office till the Roman Conquest. King Canute is credited with a special fondness for Ely, and paid it several visits. On one occasion he found the waters of Soham Mere frozen, and was guided by a churl who went before the King's sledge to test the ice, and was enfranchised for his loyal service. At another time the water was so boisterous on Whittlesea Mere that the King's boat was in

danger, and he gave orders for the cutting of a new channel which should relieve the mass of water. This was done, and the cutting bore the name of "The King's Delph." Most famous, however, among the records of Canute's visits is the poem which tradition assigns to him as he approached Ely and heard the chant of the monks wafted over the expanse of waters :

"Merie sungen the munches binnen Ely
Tha Cnut ching reu ther by,
Roweth, cniths, naer the land
And here we these muneches sang."

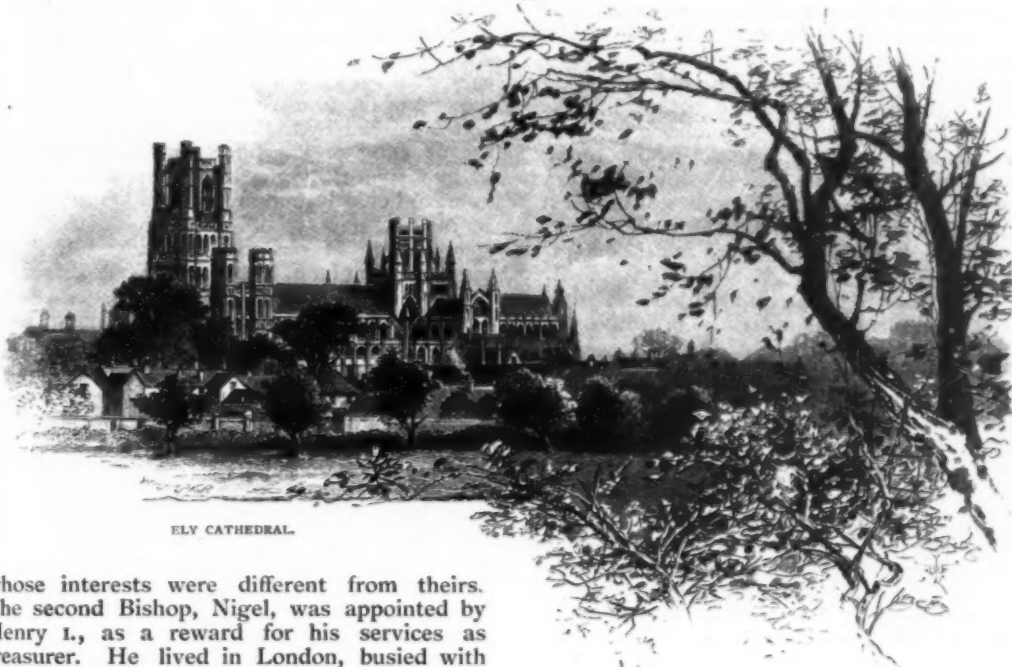
The next royal visit to Ely was of a different character. After William the Norman overcame Harold he had to reduce England to obedience. This he did by a military occupation of rebellious or suspected districts. The castles of the Norman builders frowned ominously over the wooden houses of the English, which lay beneath. Such was the case at Cambridge, where William found a town of four hundred houses lying on the north side of the river. On a slight mound, which was artificially heightened, he built a strong castle to secure the loyalty of the district. But though the dwellers on the mainland might be overawed by this display of power, it was not so with the Fenlanders. Their discontent found a leader in Hereward, who has become a hero of romance. Hereward seems to have been a Lincolnshire man, who held lands under the Abbey of Peterborough. He and his fellows were disturbed by the stern rule of the first Norman Abbot, and joined a body of Danes who appeared with their fleet in the Ouse in the spring of 1070. With their help he attacked Peterborough and pillaged the Abbey. The Danes retired, and Hereward and his gang took refuge in the Isle of Ely, where they were joined by others who had resisted their Norman masters. This "Camp of Refuge" was attacked next year by King William in person, who, from his castle at Cambridge, directed the military operations. A new causeway was raised at Aldreth, and Hereward showed much valour in striving to prevent a work which was to hem him in. The power of the rebels was soon broken, and William followed his usual course of making sure of the territory which he had won. Aldreth was garrisoned ; a castle was built within the precincts of the monastery ; a heavy fine was imposed upon the monks. The Isle of Ely was subdued. Another castle was built at Wisbech to command the entrance to the Ouse, and it was some time before the patrimony of St. Etheldred recovered from its disaster.

However, the first Norman abbot projected a nobler church, which was begun in 1089, and was so far advanced that his successor translated the remains of St. Etheldred from the old Saxon church into the new Norman structure. Soon Ely received an accession of dignity by being

Political
Bishops.

made the seat of a bishop. Henry I. saw the political advantage of securing better government for outlying portions of the realm, and set up bishoprics at Ely and Carlisle. In this he was aided by Archbishop Anselm, who saw the need of making better provision for the vast diocese of Lincoln, which reached from the Humber to the Thames. So in 1109 the first Bishop of Ely was appointed, and became abbot of the monastery, dividing its revenues with the monks, who soon discovered the disadvantages of having a powerful master

enriched by pilgrims. Its secluded situation, its difficulty of access, and the reputation of St. Etheldred, all made it a romantic spot. On St. Etheldred's Day, October 17, there was a great pilgrimage to Ely, in which pleasure and devotion were combined. Chains and laces were sold in honour of the saint, and as tokens of the pilgrimage. It is said that the word *taradry* is derived from the flimsy things bought at *St. Audrey's*, as the name of Etheldred was commonly called. The object of attracting pilgrims was a great incentive to church build-



ELY CATHEDRAL.

whose interests were different from theirs. The second Bishop, Nigel, was appointed by Henry I., as a reward for his services as treasurer. He lived in London, busied with state affairs, exacting sternly the revenues of his see. He belonged to a great official family; for his uncle Roger was justiciar, and his brother Alexander was Bishop of Lincoln. Stephen resented the power of these three great prelates, and attempted to seize their persons. Nigel embraced the cause of Matilda and fortified the Isle of Ely. For a time the Isle held out against the royal troops, till Stephen besieged it by boats and Nigel was compelled to flee. He was subsequently reconciled to the king, but had to pay a heavy fine, which was wrung from the monastic treasury. On the accession of Henry II., Nigel was summoned to put in order the finances of the country. He was the sole depositary of the administrative system of Henry I.; and after he had done his work he secured the office of treasurer for his son, Richard Fitznigel, who condensed his father's wisdom into a work, "*A Dialogue concerning the Exchequer*," which is the most important source of information about the early administration of England.

Ely Cathedral. In spite, however, of the raids made by political bishops on the resources of the monks, the monastery was

ing in the monasteries. This seems to have been greatly felt at Ely, and the new church made rapid progress. We know the history of its building more accurately than that of any other English cathedral, owing to the fact that the chroniclers of the abbey have given the dates of every stage in its erection. The tale which is told may be verified in almost all our great churches. The building was begun at the east end for convenience of worship, and was steadily pursued westward. The transepts and central tower occupied longest time in building; then the nave was quickly completed. Finally came the enrichment of the west front. The same style of massive Norman architecture was followed throughout the church itself. But when the west front was reached, a porch was built in the new pointed style. The whole work occupied about a hundred and thirty years; but no sooner was it finished than the change in taste suggested an architectural renewal, which again was begun at the east end. The Norman buildings, however, suffered in almost all cases from the same defect. The massive

central tower had not strong enough foundations, and the adjoining portions of the building were not constructed to support its weight. The important questions to ask about the architectural history of any English cathedral are: "When did the central tower fall down, or what alterations were made to prop it up?" The tower of Ely fell in 1322, wrecking the adjoining portion of the newly finished choir.

Luckily Ely at that time numbered amongst its monks an architectural genius, Alan of Walsingham, who was engaged in building the beautiful Lady Chapel, which stands apart from the cathedral but is connected with it. Alan undertook the rebuilding of the tower. Made cautious by past experience, he did not raise it on four piers as it had stood before, but distributed the weight over the adjacent bays of the transepts, so as to form a central octagon, instead of a square tower. It would seem that he had read of the domed churches of the East, and applied the idea, seeking out modes of construction of his own. It is this central octagon which is the distinguishing feature of Ely Cathedral, and is unique in architecture. It is a splendid memorial of ready inventiveness, and the destroyed portion of the choir was rebuilt to harmonise with it. The general result of this adaptation is to leave Ely Cathedral the most interesting building in England, from its variety of styles and their dexterous combination.

While Ely was engaged in erecting its beautiful church, the neighbouring town of Cambridge was being decked with humbler buildings on a smaller scale. It is difficult to know how our English Universities came into being, and it is difficult to know what reasons induced the choice of Cambridge as a site for one of them. Universities were in their origin bodies of scholars, gathered together for purposes of study, and living under a constitution of their own. If they were annoyed in the place where they settled, a number of them wandered elsewhere to seek a securer resting place. Most probably Cambridge was chosen by a band of students who abandoned Oxford in 1209 in consequence of King John's interference with their privileges. Why they should have chosen Cambridge is hard to say. Perhaps its accessibility from the eastern side of England may have suggested it as a rival to Oxford. It did not, however, rival Oxford in importance for a long time, and its early buildings were conceived in a humbler spirit. The settlement of the students was not made on the higher ground where rose the castle, but on the low-lying land on the other side of the river. The more ancient Cambridge seems to-day a suburb of its more modern growth.

It was natural that special provision should be needed for housing a new element in the population of the town. At first bands of students combined to live together in hostels under a principal of their own choosing. In

time, as the University increased in numbers, the foundation of a permanent home for young students, with provision for its management by elder scholars, became a favourite form of charity. It was natural that those whose capacity had won for them high positions in Church or State should remember the advantages which they had received from their early training, and should wish to make the path easier for others. The earliest College was Peterhouse, founded in 1286 by Hugh of Balsham, Bishop of Ely. Others followed slowly, but they were on a small scale, and many of them were absorbed into the more splendid foundations of a later date. For some time the University of Cambridge was insignificant compared with that of Oxford. It was not till the end of the fourteenth century, when Oxford was disturbed by the troubles that arose about the teaching of Wycliffe, that Cambridge rose in importance. Oxford was suspected as the home of Lollardy, and royal patronage attempted to raise a new school of sound learning at Cambridge. Monasteries had fallen into disrepute, and England, without yet being conscious of a breach with the old order of things, was instinctively turning to other aims and aspirations. King's College was founded by Henry VI in 1441, and the building of its magnificent chapel, a fitting memorial of the new learning, was carried on by Henry VII and Henry VIII. Queens' College was founded to commemorate Margaret of Anjou, but was claimed by Edward IV's Queen, Elizabeth Woodville. In 1497 John Alcock, Bishop of Ely, significantly converted the Nunnery of St. Rhadegund into Jesus College. The Lady Margaret, Countess of Richmond and Derby, founded Christ's and St. John's Colleges, and Henry VIII followed her example by founding Trinity College.

Thus the two centres of learning in England, though they resemble one another in many respects, have many points of difference. Oxford in its buildings and their arrangement follows the model of an older time, when monasteries afforded the only type of collegiate residence. Cambridge became important when England was entering upon a new phase, and its buildings follow the type of the stately manor houses with which the country was beginning to adorn itself. The Oxford quadrangle, shortened into "quad," wears a sterner air than the homely "court," not always enclosed on all sides, which characterises the Colleges at Cambridge.

Universities must have local habitations, but they remained close corporations, jealous of their own privileges, and leading a life apart from that of the general locality in which they were situated. The town of Cambridge grew, and its inhabitants were frequently embroiled by the students of the University. But Cambridge had some importance apart from its University, in the great fair held outside its walls at Sturbridge. There stood a leper hospital to which King John made a grant of a fair, which became one of the most notable in England. A whole

town of booths was built in the flat meadow-land, and buyers and sellers thronged from every part. Wool and cloth were the chief commodities, and they could easily be carried by water to the port of Lynn, and thence in flat-bottomed boats along the Fens.

In other matters the progress of the shire depended on the Bishops of Ely, who had a palatinate jurisdiction over the Fenlands, as the Bishop of Durham had over the troublesome lands of the Border. The Bishops of Ely generally held high offices of State, but in their own neighbourhood they devoted their attention also to the drainage of the Fens, a work which was never forgotten. Even Bishop Morton, who was keenly engaged in the wars of York and Lancaster, left a lasting memorial of himself in a great dyke, still known as

the centre of the new learning, and trained all the great men who guided England through that epoch of momentous change. It nursed the ideas which inspired the men of Elizabeth's reign. The names of Cranmer and Parker, of Cecil, Mildmay, and Walsingham, of Ascham and Bacon, show how continuous was the influence of Cambridge in Church and State, as well as in literature and science. The chief memorial of this great period is a mulberry tree, carefully preserved in the garden of Christ's College, which is said to have been planted by John Milton.

These, however, are matters of moment in general history. In local concerns Cambridgeshire was left desolate. Its gloom is not lifted by the fact that the Bishop's Castle at Wisbech was the prison of Roman Catholic priests, who



PETERHOUSE COLLEGE.

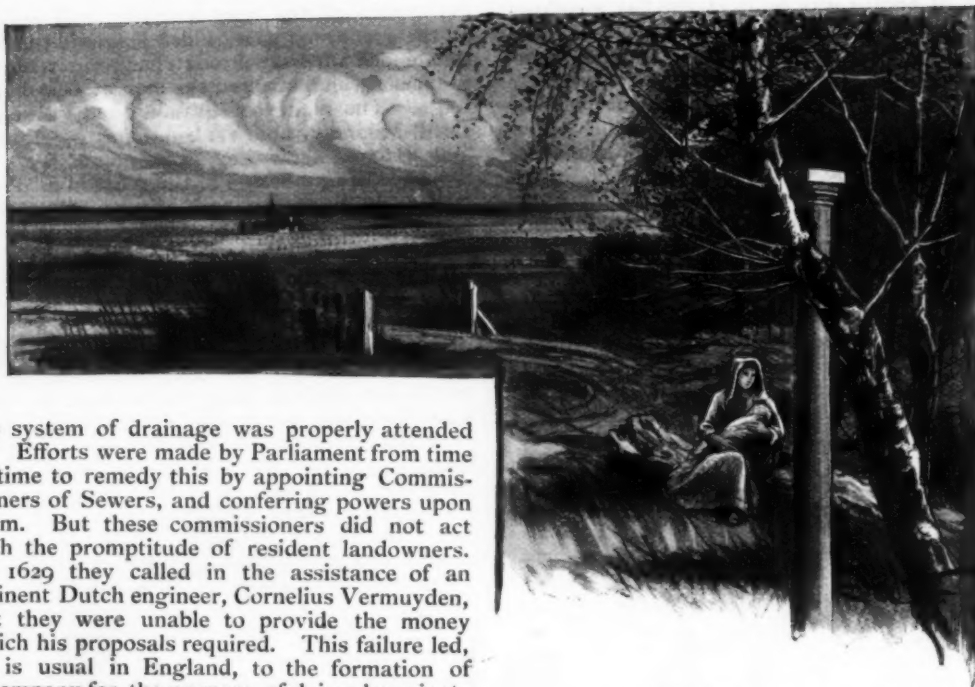
"Morton's Leam," which ran from Peterborough to Wisbech, for the purpose of keeping out the waters of the Fen.

Thus it will be seen that the interest of the mediæval history of the county centred round three points—pilgrimage to the great shrine of Ely, the growth of the University of Cambridge, and the drainage of the Fenland. These were differently affected by the changes which were wrought in the sixteenth century. The monastery of Ely was dissolved; its buildings fell into ruins; its pilgrimages ceased. The bishop's power was sorely diminished, and some of his manors had to be granted to aspiring courtiers. The monks were gone, and the bishop could no longer carry on drainage works at his own charges. The Fenlands relapsed into a strange and neglected district, where agriculture of the modern type was impossible. On the other hand, the University of Cambridge entered upon a period of greatness. It was

spent the time of their captivity in unprofitable quarrels amongst themselves.

The Fen-landers.

It is hard to picture to ourselves the life of the Fenlanders, who dwelt in villages on the higher ground, in an atmosphere of constant fog, and supported themselves mainly by fishing and fowling. There were numerous decoys for wild fowl, which were carefully constructed like an elaborate maze, with many arms, up which the birds could be gradually coaxed, whatever was the direction of the wind. In the summer much of the marshy ground was covered with coarse grass, which was harvested. "Cambridgeshire camels" was an expression for the marshmen who made their way through the treacherous ground on tall stilts. The most profitable crop was willows, of which it was said that "it would buy a horse before any other could buy a saddle." Still, however much the marshmen might try to do their best, they were exposed to dangerous floods unless



WHITTLESEA MERE, WITH INDEX COLUMN.

the system of drainage was properly attended to. Efforts were made by Parliament from time to time to remedy this by appointing Commissioners of Sewers, and conferring powers upon them. But these commissioners did not act with the promptitude of resident landowners. In 1629 they called in the assistance of an eminent Dutch engineer, Cornelius Vermuyden, but they were unable to provide the money which his proposals required. This failure led, as is usual in England, to the formation of a company for the purpose of doing by private enterprise what public energy would not achieve. The Earl of Bedford was owner of the lands of the monastery of Thorney, and persuaded other landowners to join with him in carrying out Vermuyden's plans. The result was the formation of a new cut twenty miles long, known as "the Bedford River," to relieve the Ouse. It was not successful, as it did not carry the water away to the sea. But the work met with determined opposition from the Fenmen. They counted little of the ague which attacked them, and was called "the Bailiff of the Marshland." They only saw the threatened loss of the means of subsistence, with which they were familiar, and thought they were being robbed of their common. Vermuyden brought his workmen from Holland, and hatred of foreign labour was another element in their opposition. They frequently broke down Vermuyden's dams and attacked his men. Oliver Cromwell, then Member for Cambridge, rose into prominence as the mouthpiece of popular discontent; and the works were stopped as the trouble of the time increased.

Cambridgeshire affords a curious instance of one cause of the breach between the King and the majority of his people. While the nation was growing more serious, the court was more addicted to pleasure. James I built for himself a lodge at Newmarket, and there in the days of Charles I the first horse races were held. As Pope puts it:

"Newmarket's glory rose as Britain's fell."

When the quarrel between the King and Parliament broke out, Cambridgeshire, like the rest of the eastern counties, was the field of Cromwell's influence. He was made Governor of the Isle

of Ely, and showed his determination to uphold Puritanism by walking into Ely Cathedral during the time of prayer, and ordering "this unedifying and offensive" practice to cease. When the Canon continued the service, Cromwell sternly bade him "leave off your fooling and come down." Yet it would seem that the men of Cambridgeshire had some goodwill towards the King; for when he was brought prisoner to London in 1647, Fairfax dared not conduct him through Cambridge, but took him by country lanes to Newmarket, where he rested for some days in his own house.

When the troubled times of the Civil War were ended, the drainage of the Fens was again resumed by the activity of the Earl of Bedford. Vermuyden was again chosen as the engineer; and it is noteworthy that Scottish prisoners taken at the battle of Dunbar, and Dutchmen captured by Admiral Blake, were compelled to labour at this uncongenial work. Cromwell now favoured it, and used his authority to stop disturbances on the part of the Fenlanders. Many new cuttings were made, and dykes erected, so as to restrain the water within narrow limits. The completion of the scheme was celebrated by a thanksgiving service in Ely Cathedral, and Vermuyden could boast that he had reclaimed forty thousand acres of land, which were capable of growing corn and supplying pasture. Vermuyden ruined himself by his zeal; he died a poor man, obscure and forgotten, while the corn waved over what had been before a waste of water, which his skill and energy had fitted for the service of

Drainage of
the Fens.

man. But Vermuyden's system of drainage was by no means complete, and could not resist heavy floods. Defoe, in his tour through England in 1726, describes the Fen country as almost all covered with water like a sea, and adds that "when the higher grounds of the adjacent country glittered with the beams of the sun, the Isle of Ely seemed wrapped in mist and darkness, and nothing could be discerned but now and then the cupola of Ely minster." The drainage was still carried on gradually, till in the present century it was brought to a conclusion by Rennie and Telford, who in 1831 provided a new outfall for the Nene, carrying its waters far out into the Wash. It is on the maintenance of a proper outfall that all the success of the existing drainage depends. The last great undertaking was the drainage of Whittlesea Mere, which remained as a large shallow lake till 1854. There is now little trace of the old Fenland left to tell of what once was the state of the country. Only at Wicken Fen, not far from Soham, is a small portion still remaining for botanists and entomologists to visit.

It has been said that Cambridgeshire is "the most ungentelemanly county in England," meaning that it does not possess many country houses of importance. In old times the government of the Fenlands rested with the Bishop of Ely,

and there was no need of other lords in the neighbourhood. When feudal times ceased, the county was not sufficiently attractive to induce many residents. The only house of importance is Wimpole Park, where John Chichele, a relative of the Archbishop of Canterbury, built a house in the reign of Henry VI. The estate passed into the hands of Lord Chancellor Hardwicke in 1739, who built a stately mansion in one of the few parts of the county which is well wooded.

The interest of Cambridgeshire to-day still centres round its historic past. Its distinction is due to the architectural charm of its University town, with all its manifold associations, and to the rare beauty of the cathedral church of Ely. The Fenland has a charm of its own to one who knows the story of its gradual reclamation, and can enjoy the vast expanse of arable land visible from the dykes which rise by the side of the drainage cuttings. He can see the villages, with a few trees around them, which mark the islets where it was possible for men to live. He will find in almost all of them a church of some architectural interest, built at a time when good stone could easily be conveyed by water; and he can, with a little imagination, think himself back into the conditions of a melancholy life which human skill has banished for ever.



CARRYING A CROP BY HAND.

RICHARD WAGNER.



*From a photograph by
Elliott & Fry.*

Richard Wagner

AS Richard Wagner is a name already familiar, not only in our own country, but wherever the love of music exists, the following brief sketch may perhaps prove of interest. Everywhere his characteristics are being discussed, sometimes with severity of criticism—witness Max Nordau—sometimes with fervour of admiration, as of one who has taken his place beside the great musicians of the century.

Richard Wilhelm Wagner, born at Leipzig on May 22, 1813, was the youngest of nine children. His father, a man of literary tastes,

died six months after Richard's birth. Eighteen months later, after a hard struggle with pecuniary difficulties, Richard's mother married again, and the family moved to Dresden.

His step-father, Ludwig Geyer, took an especial interest in the fragile, delicate little Richard. He hoped to make a painter of him, but the boy showed no talent in that direction. Neither did he seem to possess much musical ability. Never at any time of his life did Wagner develop great technical ability in playing. Here it is convenient to state that his greatest skill in this direction lay in conducting.

It is asserted, by those competent to judge, that no conductor ever infused more, or even as much, of his own enthusiasm and musical feeling into his orchestra.

In 1821 Geyer died, and Richard was sent to the *Kreutzschule* in Dresden, where he displayed a marked love and ability for languages, especially for Greek, as well as for literature. Shakespeare excited his admiration to such an extent that he studied English by himself, out of school hours, in order to read the poet's dramas in the original.

In 1827 he left the *Kreutzschule* to return to Leipzig, where he attended the *Nicolai* school. Here he neglected his studies in order to write a play based on the model of Shakespeare's tragedies. At this time, in fact, all his energies were spent in developing his poetic and dramatic faculties to the exclusion of other studies. Curiously enough, music seemed quite out of the question for him. At the age of fifteen, however, the musician in him was awakened by hearing Beethoven's symphonies performed at the *Gewandhaus* concerts, and he resolved to become a composer. He at once set about acquiring the necessary theoretical knowledge, and at seventeen he wrote an overture, which was performed in the Leipzig theatre, and laughed at by the audience—much in the same way as Disraeli's first speech in Parliament was laughed at by the House of Commons. But Wagner was not to be daunted. He had resolved to become a musician; and now, in nowise disheartened by the fiasco of his overture, he proceeded to follow up his musical studies, taking six months' regular lessons with a professor in Leipzig.

At this period his hero was Beethoven, the thinker, whose works he learnt to know so thoroughly that they seemed to become a part of himself. His love and reverence for Beethoven was of life-long duration. He also had a great admiration for Weber, the idealist, whose influence is very marked in Wagner's earliest operas. He learnt, moreover, to appreciate the versatile Mozart.

Among the compositions of this period of Wagner's youth was a symphony, which he had the satisfaction of hearing performed both at Prague and at one of the celebrated *Gewandhaus* concerts in Leipzig.

In 1833, Wagner accepted the post of chorus director at the Würzburg theatre. It was here that he wrote the libretto and composed the music of his first opera, which is entitled "The Fairies." In this, and in his next composition, "The Novice of Palermo" (founded on Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure"), we can discover none of the characteristics of his later works.

In 1834 he went to Magdeburg, where he became connected with a dramatic enterprise which was unsuccessful. Being again without work, and his funds running low, he went to Leipzig and Berlin in the vain hope of getting the "Novice of Palermo" performed. The next year, however, he again became director

of an operatic company, and was thus enabled to marry Minna Planer, to whom he had become engaged at Magdeburg. Gentle, unselfish, and devoted to him, Minna proved to be the very wife he needed in these early days of trial, though she does not seem to have been able thoroughly to enter into her husband's ambitious schemes.

In 1837 Wagner became musical director at Riga, where he remained for two years, and where he began to compose his "Rienzi." His post at Riga did not, however, satisfy Wagner's ambitions, and he resolved to go to Paris, the artistic centre of Europe. Leaving Riga, he and his wife crossed the sea to London in a sailing boat. The voyage was a terrible one. But all was grist that came to Wagner's mill; and the stormy voyage, the howling of the tempest, and the shouts of the sailors, suggested to his imaginative mind the idea of the "Flying Dutchman."

His stay in London was short, and his impressions of our vast metropolis unfavourable. Its noise and bustle irritated him, and the contrast of such immense opulence and such dire poverty and misery distressed him greatly; for his sympathies were always with the needy and the oppressed.

From London he and his wife went to Paris, where his artistic soul revolted against the reign of fashion and pleasure which replaced the love of true art in that brilliant capital. To earn a living he wrote articles for a magazine. He also composed three songs which he hoped to sell; but they were condemned as being too refined for the Parisian taste. Gradually he became reduced to penury, and only the extreme economy of Minna and the help of a few friends sufficed to keep them from absolute starvation. All Wagner's hopes gradually died away: he even lost faith in his own powers of composition, till one day, sick at heart and weary in body, he slipped into a corner of the *Conservatoire de Musique*, where Beethoven's glorious "Ninth Symphony" was just being performed. The familiar tones were like a beloved voice calling him out of the darkness of despair. New hopes and resolutions sprang up within him, and he determined to complete his unfinished "Rienzi," which in the end was accepted at Dresden in 1842, when Wagner joyfully returned to his native land.

"Tannhäuser," which was performed in the same town three years later, proved at that time a failure. Meanwhile he had secured the appointment of conductor of sacred music at the Court church in Dresden. Now entering the ranks of the writers of oratorio, he composed "The Holy Supper of the Apostles," which was first performed at a church (the *Frauenkirche*) in Dresden in 1843, and subsequently in England, at the Birmingham Festival of 1876, under Sir Michael Costa's direction.

Wagner, with his indomitable courage and constant hatred of oppression, having taken part in the Saxon revolution of 1849, was compelled to flee for his life. During an exile of

ten years, the greater number of which were spent in Switzerland, he composed "*Lohengrin*" and part of "*Tristan und Isolde*." He also completed the "*Nibelungen Ring*," which appeared in the form of a poem in 1863. The music for the "*Ring*" was begun in 1853.

In 1855 we find him conducting eight concerts for the "New Philharmonic" orchestra in London; but the attitude of the English press towards Wagner's method of conducting and towards his compositions was unfavourable. Similar opposition awaited the performances of "*Tannhäuser*" in the Opera-house in Paris, in 1859. He returned to Germany in 1861. Misfortune still seemed to follow him, as he failed to ensure the performance of "*Tristan*," and barely succeeded in making a living by giving concerts.

But about this time he fell in with a powerful and appreciative friend, in the person of King Ludwig II of Bavaria, who made him director of the Munich Opera-house. Here successful performances were given of "*Tristan*" and of the "*Meistersinger*." But dislike of the King's favourite drove him once more back into exile in Switzerland; and here, his first wife having died, he contracted his second marriage—with Cosima, the daughter of Liszt. To them a son was born, whom they named Siegfried. This son it was who conducted during part of the Bayreuth Festival of last year.

In 1872 Wagner returned to Bavaria. And now the success for which he had waited so long finally crowned his efforts. In the quiet country near the village of Bayreuth he found a comfortable home and enjoyed complete domestic happiness.

His works were performed and appreciated in many of the European capitals, where, a few years earlier, they had been rejected with scorn. His hope of erecting a model building for the production of "musical dramas" was realised through the help of King Ludwig II, and of the many Wagner societies which were formed in different countries. The foundation stone of the Bayreuth theatre was laid in 1872; and perhaps the crowning point of Wagner's career was the performance of the "*Ring*" on August 13, 1876, in this building of his own designing.

Wagner's last composition—his swan-song—"Parsifal," reaches perhaps the highest ideal which can be attained by the musical drama. The greater part of it is entirely of a religious character, and selections from it are often performed in our own churches and at the sacred concerts held on Good Fridays, or on similar occasions. Given for the first time at Bayreuth in 1882, it was attended by art-lovers of many nationalities. This was the venerable composer's final triumph. He passed the winter of 1882-83 in Venice on account of his weak health. On February 13, 1883, the heart complaint, from which he had long been suffering, brought his life to a sudden close. His widow accompanied the body back to Bayreuth, where, amid crowds of sympathising

and sorrowing friends, it was buried, while the snow fell gently to the ground, and the mourners listened to the heroic strains of his own "*Siegfried's Funeral March*," from the "*Götterdämmerung*." His resting-place is marked by a simple white stone, bearing the words, "*Richard Wagner*," in the garden of Wahnfried, his Bayreuth home.

Wagner's personality seems to have exercised a great charm over all who knew him intimately. Those of his friends who have published their reminiscences of him are not only enthusiastic in their admiration for the composer, but also express sentiments of the greatest esteem, respect, and affection for the man. Wagner himself was of a loving, sympathetic nature. Of children he was especially fond, and being always ready for a frolic, was a great favourite with them. Another notable characteristic was his great love of animals. Stories abound of his kindness to them and of his indignation and horror at any cruel treatment of them. His tender-heartedness was such that any form of suffering aroused his acutest sympathy. His life, his works, and his political opinions show how repulsive to him were cruelty, cowardice, and tyranny of any kind. The weak and oppressed always found in him a ready advocate and helper.

As regards his personal appearance, he was below the middle height, with an active frame that corresponded to his energetic mind. The most remarkable part of him was his head, which was of quite abnormal dimensions in proportion to his body. His head has been compared with that of Luther, "with whom," writes one of Wagner's biographers, "he had more than one point of character in common."

The accompanying likeness of him shows that he had strongly marked features, and the deep lines on his face accentuate what would seem to be a stern, perhaps even defiant, expression. The small mouth, with thin lips, shows the determination of the man, as does the prominent chin. The nose is large in proportion to the mouth. The eyes, which were light blue in colour, are small, keen, and piercing, but kindly withal. We are most struck with the broad, splendid forehead, which marks its possessor as a man of great intellectual power. Altogether the face is a strange mixture of kindness and sternness, of strong passions and of indomitable will.

All his life long Wagner seems to have suffered from delicate health, more particularly from dyspepsia. This may partly account for his deep fits of melancholy; for, when in good health, his spirits were usually buoyant.

Not at all timid, and naturally conscious of his own ability, Wagner was nevertheless modest and unaffected. He combined great simplicity of manner with a decided fondness for luxury, in which he was enabled to indulge only in later life. He was somewhat extravagant, and had the artist's love of beautiful surroundings. In his dress he was always neat

and careful. In speech, as in thought and action, he was fearless, self-reliant, and always intensely in earnest. A ready, if not eloquent speaker, he accompanied his words by expressive and lively gestures. His private conversation was generally cheerful, and often overflowing with wit and kindly satire; for he had a great sense of humour, and was fond of an innocent joke.

His enthusiastic nature, while it made him a hero-worshipper and an idealist, often led him into extremes, and got him into difficulties which a more cautious and less self-reliant man would have avoided.

Possessing in a high degree the impressionable artistic temperament, his moods were very variable. A small success, a token of encouragement, would put him in the highest of spirits, while the repeated failures, rebuffs, and disappointments with which he so constantly met tended to increase the fits of depression whereto he was naturally subject, and to arouse him from which often required all Minna's brightness and patience. But though depressed for the moment, he was not the man to be thwarted by adverse circumstances. His was an iron will, and nothing short of the absolute impossibility of putting his purpose into execution could turn him from it. He never condescended to sacrifice his principles to fashion or to the love of money, however pressing his needs. The promptitude of his decisions often seemed like madness to his friends and family. As a boy, he was passionate and obstinate. Being the youngest, and delicate, he was petted and "spoiled" by his mother. Leaving school early, he grew up free from authority, and was to a large extent self-educated. From his earliest youth he displayed remarkable powers of observation; and, being also a great reader, he possessed a knowledge the extent and accuracy of which often astonished those who talked with him. His own works show how deeply he thought and felt, and his biographers relate how earnestly he spoke of the great moral and social problems of existence, though his philosophy of life lay open to question. This brings us to the distinctive features of his work.

Wagner's double gift of musician and dramatist enabled him to call more than one Muse to his aid, and he endeavoured to impress upon both eye and ear the lessons he wished to teach. First and foremost amongst his distinctive qualities is his wonderful ability to combine the powers of music, poetry, and action, all three in perfect harmony with one another. He added music to the drama, raising it into an ideal sphere to which it could not attain without the aid of this most idealistic interpreter of our deepest emotions. He gave to his libretti a poetic form and sentiment which is so often lacking in the libretti of even such operas as those of Mozart or Weber.

As the Greek drama, the didactic nature of which aroused his admiration from the first, was an image of the social, political, and

religious life of the Greek nation, so Wagner tried to make of the modern drama an image of our modern existence—not by representing the life, or incidents in the life, of a single individual, but by creating types which would broadly illustrate the various sides of human nature. Thus we must look upon his *dramatis personæ*, not as individuals, but as types.

To attain this end, Wagner found that nothing would serve his purpose so well as mythological beings. In these, as creations of the imagination only, he was hampered by no individual idiosyncrasies, which would prevent the representation of humanity as a whole. He was tied down to no historical facts, and was freed from all conventionalities of real life. In this way his imagination had free play; and as Milton by his splendid imagery has conjured up before our minds "things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme," so it is with Wagner in the realm of musical drama. We find that in all his works—except "*Rienzi*"—the personages are either the creations of his own imagination or the beings of ancient legends to whom he has given new life, and in whom he has awakened a fresh interest.

In spite of his admiration for Greek literature he did not choose for his purpose the classical myths, but preferred the less polished and probably far less familiar legends of Scandinavian mythology. The rugged nature of these legends, their grandeur, gloom, and mystery, combined with a childlike *naïveté* and spontaneity of poetic expression, appealed to Wagner's vivid imagination. Here he found scope for the broadest possible delineation of human nature in its elemental forms. Thus in his greatest symbolical work, the "*Nibelungen Ring*," we find the gods and goddesses, the heroes and heroines and various mythological personages of the *Edda* representing all the attributes of humanity—good and evil, love and hate, fearlessness and cowardice, strength and weakness—in their very essence. In the "*Ring*" his imaginative range does not stop at human beings. Nature in all her varying moods, birds and beasts and even inanimate things, such as metals, all have for him a symbolical significance. His love of nature is that of a poet who finds "books in the running brooks, sermons in stones." The animals he endows with almost human intelligence, and the metals with a kind of preternatural life, to serve his purpose. Thus in "*Rhinegold*" (Part I. of the "*Ring*") the gold is represented as waking and sleeping. Again, what a graceful fancy we find in the image of the Rainbow Bridge, by means of which the gods enter Walhall; and how well it conveys to our minds the supernatural character of the beings who could traverse this fabric of atmosphere and light!

In considering Wagner's musical characteristics we are most struck with his use of the orchestra. Wagner's orchestra is the equivalent to the chorus, which played such an important part in the Greek tragedies. Both follow

closely the action of the play and interpret the acts or feelings of the performers, and the effect thereby produced on the spectator. In Sophocles' tragedy of "Œdipus," for instance, the wailings of the chorus of Thebans at the cruelty of an inexorable fate not affecting themselves impress upon the spectators the misery of the unfortunate king as completely as his own lamentations and the spectacle of his sufferings impress them. Moreover, the spectator realises that the chorus is uttering the sorrow he himself feels for the miserable Œdipus.

So in Wagner's orchestra. His original orchestration is perplexing at first, perhaps, but when we perceive the close connection between the music and the action, we are enabled to follow with greater ease that closely interwoven web of melodies. Wagner's music is certainly complex, but not more so than the human nature it represents: to understand either we must study them closely.

We also note that another of Wagner's musical characteristics is the subordination of the voice to the orchestra, which thus accentuates the feelings, actions, and character of the singer, instead of being a mere accompaniment to his song. The song, too, is rather a dramatic recitative than what is usually understood by the word "song." As different thoughts and emotions succeed each other rapidly, so the music changes, its character continually, and we rarely have a prolonged melody or unvaried repetition of the same theme. Wagner's music suggests more than it actually expresses or defines.

But perhaps the most salient feature of Wagner's music is that disregard of convention in his compositions—notably in "Tristan und Isolde," in the "Nibelungen Ring," and in "Parsifal"—which has given rise to so much controversy in the musical world. In his breaches of the so-called rules of harmony, and in his departure from the traditions of what are known as "related keys" lies the essential point of difference between Wagner and those masters in whose footsteps he even professed to walk. The classical music of Glück, for instance, while it contains the germs of that reformation in dramatic music which we find so highly developed in Wagner's later works, still adheres strictly to all the traditional rules of harmony. Beethoven, whose symphonies revolutionised the music of the concert-room, has indeed used a greater freedom of treatment with regard to existing musical forms than any of his predecessors or contemporaries, and his development of them is often so bold and so original that he seems to have reached the utmost limits of musical licence. Wagner goes farther than this, and oversteps even these limits. In "Tristan und Isolde," which is considered by many of Wagner's admirers to be the most "Wagnerian" of his works, the music is like a mighty river which has broken down all barriers and flows on uninterruptedly, overcoming all obstacles in its path. All forms and conventionalities are swept away. The

prelude and final scene from "Tristan," which have become favourite numbers in the concert-room—where we have an opportunity of comparing them with the works of other composers—afford us ample illustration of Wagner's originality of composition, and of his disregard for traditional rules in obedience to what he thought a higher rule of interpretation.

Of all Wagner's works the "Nibelungen Ring" perhaps shows best his place as an interpreter of life. The "Ring" is less an opera, in the most ordinary acceptance of the term, than a philosophical poem, in which we find life depicted as a sad thing, and all its intrigues, sorrows, combats, and disappointments disclosed in a way that cannot fail to impress us with the depth and earnestness of the composer's nature. And yet we are made to feel how bright love may be, in the midst of such darkness; how love, after all, is the chief thing; and how true love, in the highest sense of the word—viz. the love not only of the individual but of humanity—is capable of conquering sin and sorrow, and of sacrificing itself for the good of mankind. And so life gains a nobler and happier aspect, and peace reigns.

Thus Wagner's place is at one time with the despairing school of German pessimism, from which he ultimately emerges into the brighter and nobler regions of the larger hope and the grander belief in the high destinies of mankind cherished and proclaimed by Christian idealists, perhaps in other phrases and keys, but with the same inner meaning.

FREDA WINWORTH.

A March Noon: Ceylon.

THE land lies exhausted and glowing
 Beneath skies of brass;
 No breath dims the sheen of the river,
 No butterflies pass;
 The cattle stand neck-deep and panting
 In water mud-red;
 To the tangles of flower-topped creepers
 The bird-folk have fled.
 The day holds its breath in the heat haze,
 The leaves droop unstirred;
 The squirrels' insistent harsh chatter
 Is hushed and unheard.
 While within, not the duskiest corner—
 The easiest chair—
 Can give ease at high noon in the Tropics
 Or shade from the glare.
 For the sun has asserted his kingship,
 His subjects are still;
 And he shines out in masterful splendour
 To conquer or kill.
 Then, sudden, the heavy air quivers,
 And, mighty and free,
 Comes, like a strong life-giving angel,
 The wind from the sea!

ELSIE.

DRIFTWOOD.

BY MARY E. PALGRAVE.



"I SEEN IT I' THIS YERE PAIFER."—"SEEN WHAT?" ASKED HIS WIFE.

CHAPTER XXIII.—BY A WAY THAT THEY KNEW NOT.

IT is strange how possible it is for human beings to live next door to each other, and yet to derive from that close proximity not the slightest feeling of neighbourliness, or the faintest tinge of interest in each other's affairs. The weeks and months had slipped away, and Katharine Graham had lived in close neighbourhood to Malford Street for nearly two years. She had not learnt—as her husband

sometimes hoped she might—to look upon her neighbours there with any more friendly eyes, or to think that they might have claims on her sympathy and kindness. It must be owned that the inhabitants of Malford Street, on their side, appeared to take extremely little interest in the affairs of their well-to-do neighbours at the southern end. Possibly some of the older inhabitants, who remembered the days when the site of Marmaduke Gardens was covered with a labyrinth of tumble-down cottages—

favourite residences on account of their low rents—were disposed to gird at the “h’aristocracy” for “a’ coming where they wasn’t wanted,” but as a rule they stolidly ignored them.

There was, however, a poor woman—the wife of a labourer, living in one of the houses nearest to Marmaduke Gardens—to whom the “grand folks” were a perpetual study and a constant source of rather envious interest.

Mrs. Avering had but a limited field from which to take her observations, for she inhabited the basement story, and her kitchen window only rose about a foot and a half above the pavement. At that window, however, Mrs. Avering spent all her spare moments, and from it she studied her neighbours lower down the street. By dint of perseverance she had learnt to know every one of them by sight, and even, by some peculiar intuition, to which houses they belonged. This was the more wonderful, as Mrs. Avering had nine children living, of all ages from sixteen downwards, and being a good wife and mother she slaved for them early and late.

From their first appearance in Marmaduke Gardens, she had taken a fancy to No. Twelve and his wife; and little “Mrs. No. Twelve” was the object of her keenest interest. Should one of the Avering children, while playing in the street, espy from afar Katharine’s dainty figure approaching, he knew he could do nothing more acceptable at headquarters than to thunder along the passage and yell down the stairs—“Hi, mother! There’s Mrs. No. Twelve a-comin’ along, and my, ain’t she just swell! Look sharp, and yer’ll git a good look at ‘er.”

That summons was safe to bring Mrs. Avering from the wash-tub in the back premises, or from any other part of her limited domain, to flatten her nose against the small panes of the front window and take a long and minute scrutiny of “Mrs. No. Twelve” as, all unconscious, she walked daintily by.

Not that Mrs. Avering’s survey was an altogether sympathetic one. She was a woman who, in her own way, thought much about the problems of life; and while her fingers were busy mending or making, her brain was busy wondering over its puzzles. Existence, to her, was a continual struggle, and her path always full of stones. She was apt to think God had forgotten her, and that He didn’t see how hard she worked, and how she never drank, or gossiped, or idled, like most of her neighbours in Malford Street. She felt He might have sent her a little more prosperity, and not let her husband and son be so often out of work, or given her more children than she knew what to do with. Her portion seemed so hard, while the lot of others was so pleasant. Nothing made her feel the inequalities of life like the sight of Mrs. No. Twelve, or set her wondering so much what it must feel like to have so many pretty clothes, and be able to go out walking whenever the fancy seized you.

Still, her sympathetic heart and keen instinct for the joys and sorrows of others had drawn her, as with a magnet, to Katharine’s happy face. She would stand watching, while the soapsuds dropped from her arms to the floor, till the last flutter of those pretty skirts had disappeared from view, and then go back to her work with a pucker in her brow over the strangeness of God’s ways, and a wistful smile lingering in her brown eyes.

One thing that seemed, in Mrs. Avering’s eyes, to make Mrs. No. Twelve and herself in a special way neighbours, was that the former’s Number Nine and the latter’s little Daisy were born on the same day. How Mrs. Avering ascertained the fact was a mystery, but know it she did, and it gave her extraordinary pleasure as she lay, weak and ill, in her bed in the kitchen, with a tiny wrinkled face beside her.

Things did not go very well with the Averings after the arrival of Number Nine; or rather, they went more than usually badly. Mrs. Avering was very ill at his birth, and recovered very slowly; and Avering had a specially long spell of nothing to do, so that money was scarce and the poor woman had no chance of getting up her strength. The other children were very “rampageous,” and had got, oh, so deplorably ragged while their mother was laid by; and the new baby (whom his father had insisted on calling Balacalava, in memory of his own father who had left a leg on that battlefield) proved a very sickly little mite, whom it was “one person’s work” to tend and feed and soothe.

The sight of Mrs. No. Twelve taking her first airing in an open carriage, with her white-robed baby in the nurse’s arms beside her, set Mrs. Avering off crying. She herself had got up for the first time, and was sitting, aching and weary, on a Windsor chair, with her feet on another, and a cup of unutterable broth—made by Susie, the eldest girl—beside her. The baby was feebly wailing in the bed.

“To think as Mrs. No. Twelve’s about again, and looking a’most as well as ever, and I can’t put my foot to the ground, and shan’t for another week, Doctor says,” sobbed poor Mrs. Avering. “Well, I do call it hard, *that* I do.”

Contrasts, whereby one’s self is the sufferer, are always difficult to take sweetly; and so it came about that Mrs. No. Twelve became a sore subject to her poor neighbour, and the thought of her often made the latter feel bitter and miserable. “The baby at No. Twelve” was, however, a source of unflinching interest to Mrs. Avering, and of unqualified admiration. When the warm weather came, and she herself was about again, she constantly went and planted herself at the door, with her own baby in her arms, at the time when the smart white perambulator and the spotless white-robed nurse might be expected to come up the street. The nurse was a friendly, easy-going young woman; and Mrs. Avering soon started a sort

of acquaintance with her, and found her very willing to stop and show off her charge and have a few minutes' chat. It was more amusing than parading up and down the Chelsea Embankment—which was such a dull place, whatever the *air* might be!

From quite early days little Daisy sat up in her perambulator like a queen. She was always beautifully dressed, in the snowiest of raiment, out of which her little tender pink-and-white face looked upon life with a sweet serious look, brightening now and then into the most enchanting of smiles. There was, even among her peers, a peculiar charm and grace about this little one—a lingering flicker of those "clouds of glory" which Wordsworth saw upon his children's heads. Her mother had some excuse for thinking her the most perfect baby in the world. Her father often wondered whether other men felt, when they first had a child of their own, as unworthy as he did of so pure and exquisite a possession. People frequently stopped to look at Daisy, as she made her daily progress through the streets of her city; and as for poor Mrs. Avering, she seemed as if she could not take her eyes off the child's face. She looked and looked till she could not see for tears, and then turned and hugged her own shabby little infant with a throb of unutterable love. He was, indeed, beside this dainty creature, "an ill-favoured thing, sir, but—" it was the same *but*—"mine own."

It must be confessed, though, that even the sight of "Mrs. No. Twelve's baby" had had a sting in it, of late, for the other mother. There was a certain red pelisse which she had set her heart on getting for Balaclava (who had not so far had a stitch of new clothing provided for him); and after Avering got into work again there did seem some hope of attaining it. When this pelisse was on Balaclava's back he was to be christened—not before. She had saved the price within a shilling; and then her unlucky husband was laid up with a sprained ankle, and away every penny had to go for rent and food. Balaclava had to be taken out by Susie in the old stained blue "p'lisse" that was a family disgrace, and his christening retired again into the region of remote possibilities. That disappointment made even the sight of little Daisy a trial to Mrs. Avering. She turned her face away and tried not to look when "any of them No. Twelveses" went past her window. She grew fretful and downhearted, and it often seemed as if the struggle of daily life were more than she could face much longer. That was not a very cheerful winter for Avering *père* and the nine young scions of the house.

One day—it was in March, during a spell of the coldest weather of a winter that seemed as if it would never go—Mrs. Avering's husband came into the kitchen with a newspaper under his arm.

"Mother," he said, "yer've been uncommon fond, o' late, o' envying and jealousying them folk at the bottom o' our street—them as 'as the baby, yer know—and a-saying as 'ow t'aint

fair they should have all the a'pence and we all the kids—'pears like as yer'll change yer toon a bit now, and think as they h'aint got all the luck, arter all. I seen it i' this yere paiper."

"Seen what?" asked his wife, looking nervously at her husband over Balaclava's head. He had dropped asleep just under her chin. "Wot does yer mean, Bill?"

"Lives at No. 12, don't they?" pursued Bill, eying the paper as if it contained something good. "Well, then, they've 'ad a fire at their plaice—leastways, their kid 'as been and burnt itself to death."

"I'll not believe it—that blessed lamb!"

Mrs. Avering snatched the paper from her husband's hand with such trembling fingers that she could hardly see the lines on the page. There it was—a short paragraph, with a sensational heading such as the people's papers love, saying that the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Graham, being left alone in the nursery, had upset the lamp off the table and set her frock and pinafore ablaze. She had been so severely burnt that, from the first, her recovery was hopeless, and she had died in a few hours.

If Bill Avering wished to teach his wife a lesson in contentment, or punish her a bit for the frequent murmurings and repinings with which his ears had lately been assailed, he had the satisfaction of seeing that his effort was most successful. Mrs. Avering stared at the paper, for a minute, with wild eyes—then hid her face among Balaclava's thin soft ringlets, and sobbed as if her heart were broken. "Ah, that pore soul," she wailed, "that pore little Mrs. No. Twelve! To think as I've still got nine to 'old in my arms, and she've lost her one blessed darling as the Lord had giv' her! Oh, whatever *will* she do—how *can* she bear it?"

Sorrow had indeed come with a swift step and stern face to the Grahams. A few minutes' carelessness on the part of the nurse—who had left the nursery on some affairs of her own, thinking "Baby will be all right for a minute or two, she can't come to any harm"—had wrought a mischief beyond all human skill to remedy. Daisy, at eleven months old, could scramble to her feet, and even stand alone, if she had anything to pull herself up by. She was very proud of this accomplishment, and was for ever practising it—pulling herself to her feet with pretty seriousness, and when she had found her precarious balance, looking round triumphantly with chuckles of delight. The cloth, laid crookedly on the nursery table, made a splendid thing to pull by. Daisy pulled and pulled—wondering, perhaps, in her baby mind why the support she expected did not come to her. The cloth kept yielding to her clutches. Neither could she know that the lamp, set down carelessly near the edge of the table, was travelling, with every tug, nearer to destruction. Over it came, all in a moment. There was a crash of broken glass, a scream of a child in mortal pain, a strange flare of light filling the nursery.

The blaze was out in five minutes, and only a blackened patch on the carpet and the scorched leg of the table were left—as witnesses to show what it had been—but the little Daisy flower lay in her cot, as scorched and blackened and drooping as one of her namesake blossoms might be on the lawn of a burning house. She lingered through the night in merciful unconsciousness, and in the dark March morning, with a little sigh and turn of her head towards the side where her mother was watching her, she died.

It was a stunning blow, bewildering in its suddenness to the poor young parents. Katharine's grief was not vehement or noisy, but it fell on her like a blight, enfeebling all her power of body and mind, making her feel as if her soul were dead within her. Oliver had to keep his own sorrow under lock and key while he addressed himself, with all his powers, to the task of sustaining and helping his wife.

For a long time it seemed as if nothing had the power to rouse or cheer the poor young mother. In her case there were none of those bands of outside duty—claims of the poor, or sick, or unhappy—to call her back out of the wilderness of grief with their insistent, troublesome, but wholesome voices. The sole occupation of Katharine's life, ever since she married, had been her home and social doings, and at such a time those latter were naturally in abeyance, while, as for the former, it seemed as if all that made home life sweet and delightful had vanished away. Katharine felt, in those desolate grey days, as if all her powers of loving were withered and dead—buried in the grave of her little child. She sometimes told her husband, in a hard matter-of-fact voice, that she was sure she no longer loved him, and added, with dry, bewildered eyes, that "she hoped he didn't mind." Friends and acquaintances were full of pity and sympathy—most anxious to do all they could to comfort and help. Katharine soon allowed anyone who would to come and see her, and received her sympathisers with a passive indifferent politeness which set the most effectual of barriers between herself and them. She talked, fluently enough, about politics and the weather, and avoided, with an intense determination, any reference to her own or others' sorrows. People went away, remarking that "Poor little Mrs. Graham was bearing her trouble wonderfully well—they supposed that with so young a child—a mere baby—the shock of losing it in such a terrible way was the worst part of the trial." It was only keen-sighted people who took away with them hearts aching for that voiceless misery. No one guessed what hours Katharine spent locked up in her desolate nursery; or how she lay awake, through night after night, aching in every limb under a burden of grief that she would let no one share.

Oliver Graham had a sad and heavy time of it during that dreary spring, and learnt many lessons, on his own account, of what grief means, and loss, and of the difficulty of comforting those who mourn. He began to understand, as he had never yet done, the place in human life which

God means to fill with Himself alone, and how our Father only can comfort the hearts which He has made desolate. The old, old picture, first flashed upon human sight in the darkness of captivity and exile, of the Great Shepherd gathering the lambs in His arms and carrying them in His bosom, came home to his heart in all its unspeakable loveliness and brought him nearer to that Shepherd's feet than he had ever yet been. The character of the Saviour—Jesus, the Son of Man—seen through the rainbow light of a pure sorrow, unalloyed by sin, shone out upon him as it had never shone before. He began to see that the only true and complete life is the Christian man's life—a life moulded after the Master's pattern and following humbly in the Master's steps.

But of the new thoughts and desires that were stirring within him Graham could say nothing to his wife. There was nothing in her to respond to them. True, it was only once—in a moment when she felt she *must* speak or die—that Katharine had uttered the hard, bitter, rebellious thoughts of which her heart was full; but Oliver knew that, under the surface, there they always were, burning, aching in her breast. When, once or twice, he tried, in a faltering way, to speak to her of comfort and submission and trust in a loving Father's care, she put up her hand, imploring him to stop, with a gesture of irrepressible pain.

"Oh, *don't*, Oliver!" she said, in the low, sunk voice that was such a sign of inner distressfulness; "I can't bear it. All—*that*—never meant much to me, and now it is turned to dust and ashes. Perhaps some day I shall feel differently and be able to take this sorrow as I ought, but not yet. Leave me to bear it in my own way—it is the only way by which I can get along."

So Oliver checked his faltering speech, with a deep sense of his powerlessness to help, and tried to believe and trust that God would comfort his stricken wife in His own time and way.

It was after Easter. Katharine had come back, somewhat cheered and brightened, from a stay in the country, and was trying to nerve herself to resume her usual ways. She had been out shopping and had reached her own door again and was about to mount the steps, when her eye was caught by a sight which she could never see, nowadays, without the tears coming—a woman with a baby in her arms. There is a great difference in the way mothers carry their babies. Some do it as if it were a bother and a burden, with a limp reluctance that makes one, sorry for the baby; others bear them along enthroned, as if carrying a royal treasure, with a trace in their bearing of that reverent exultation of which, one feels sure, the heart of the Virgin Mother was full, as she bore the Hope of the World along the ways of Palestine.

Little Balaclava's mother was of this sort. Her arms might ache, very often, and be oh so tired, but her big tender heart kept them to their work. The little fellow sat safe and serene in her arms and looked about him with joyous

glances. True, he was still vested in the old blue "p'lisse," but his hair was beautifully brushed, and he had grown into a bonny little boy. He laughed and babbled as he rode along, and patted his mother's cheek with his baby hand, a sight so bitter sweet that Katharine knew not how to bear it. She was turning away, with a sob in her throat, when her attention was caught by the wistful brown eyes of the baby's mother, fixed on her face with a look that went straight to her heart.

The woman stopped and spoke, as if she could not help it. "Ma'm," she said, with her soul in her eyes, "the Father, He've took yer little lamb out of yer arms, but He'll put His own Son there instead, if ye'll only give Him the chanst."

The other mother's pale face quivered, and the hard sad lines about her mouth yielded a little. She was more moved than she could have believed it possible to be, though less by the words themselves than by the sympathy of this stranger, so freely offered.

"What do you know about me?" she asked gently. "How do you know anything about—about it?"

"Oh, Ma'm, we ain't neighbours for nothink," cried Mrs. Avering, her whole face kindling and with a ring of true neighbourliness in her voice. "You see I comes from the country, where neighbours knows summat of each other and takes account of each other's ups and downs. There hasn't been a night nor morning since as I haven't prayed for yer, that the Lord 'ud help yer to hold on to His hand all the same, though it be terrible hard to do so, whiles, I know."

The tears were running down Katharine's cheeks. "I haven't been holding by His hand," she said humbly, in a very low voice. "I've been turning my back on Him."

"Maybe yer have, pore soul"—Katharine thought she had never seen the depths of pity as she saw them shining in this other mother's eyes—"but yer may be very sure as He've never let go of yer. He's holding of yer tight, all the time; and some day yer'll know as 'twas His hand all the while."

"Where do you live?" asked Katharine, as well as she could speak for crying.

Mrs. Avering told her, and Katharine said, in a faltering voice, "One day—perhaps—I might come and see you. I should like to see that baby—" And then poor Katharine turned and darted indoors to hide her streaming tears. She had not cried so bitterly since the day when she laid Daisy's burnt frock away in a drawer; but these tears were softer, kindlier ones than on that terrible morning. They did not scald her eyes as they flowed. The long frost of her grief was beginning to break up, and through the hard ground buds and tender shoots were forcing their way. The buds I mean are impulses to kind deeds; and the tender shoots thoughts of pity and compassion for the lost and erring. So the Father fills the arms that He has made empty, and lays His own Son, in

the person of His sick and suffering little ones, to rest on the hearts which His sharp and wholesome discipline has made to bleed.

CHAPTER XXIV.—"FRUITS OF SORROW, BITTER SWEET."

FEW things give us a stranger feeling of how mysteriously we human beings are linked together than do those moments when we find that a thought which has rushed—apparently quite spontaneously—into one's own brain has flashed, within the same moment, into that of another. The learned talk of brain-waves and of the power of unconscious association of ideas; but, though we know there *is* a scientific and wholly natural way of explaining the phenomenon, it always gives us, at the moment, something of a shock. We feel as if there must be currents in the air which mysteriously convey thoughts, without our conscious volition—perhaps even against our wishes. It is as though our brains were acting independently of us—telegraphing signals to other brains without our permission.

A brain wave of that kind passed between Oliver Graham and his wife, and unlocked a fountain which had long been sealed. The year had passed on to June; four slow sad months had dragged out their course since little Daisy died. Graham and his wife were walking on the Chelsea Embankment. The sun was setting, in a beautiful clear glow, behind the old houses bordering the river, and the tower of Old Chelsea Church stood out, a dark rugged mass, against the crimson light. The air blew cool and pleasant, with a suggestion of distant hayfields in its breath; the plane-trees, dressed in vivid young leaves, shone out where the light caught them, and fell back, in the shadows, in a vista of cool, quiet colour. A group of children were playing at a little distance—their voices came softened on the hum of the great city and made a chorus of pleasant sounds.

Katharine put her arm in her husband's and paced in silence by his side, with drooping head. As a rule, lately, she had tried to talk and be cheerful whenever they were together; but this evening the touch of her fingers on his arm seemed to ask him to forgive her the effort. She wanted, for the moment, to appear as depressed and weary as she was. Graham, after a few rather forced remarks about the beauty of the evening, gave up the attempt to distract her sad thoughts, and they walked on slowly, without a word spoken on either side.

Suddenly, by some involuntary impulse, they both, at the same moment, checked their steps. It might have been the distant figure of a woman, crossing the Embankment with drooping gait and forlorn air and seating herself on a bench under the trees, which suggested to both of them the same thought. At any rate Oliver stopped, as if Katharine had spoken to him, and looked at her earnestly. It was to find her eyes fixed, with equal intentness, on his face.

The expression in her eyes struck Oliver like an electric shock and made him tremble. He knew of what—or rather of *whom*—she was thinking as certainly as if she had spoken. As for Katharine, the colour flooded into her face, and her lips quivered.

"Oh, Oliver," she cried, putting out her hand with a pleading gesture, "I know what you are thinking of—your poor lost sister."

For the moment Oliver could not reply. Never, since the evening after that painful scene of Maidie's visit, when he and his wife had had their explanation about her, had her name passed Katharine's lips. She had never spoken of Marjory, in blame or apprehension; she had simply ignored her existence, and by no word or look had betrayed that she even remembered it. It was her way, Oliver could but suppose, of marking her displeasure against himself for his unworthy behaviour; and she had been so sensible and unresentful, and had let him off so easily, that he could not but humbly accept her line of action and respect the silence which she chose to maintain. But as Graham's heart, ploughed up by grief and trouble and deeply stirred by desires after a higher life, grew softer and more tender, his sense of his own short-comings towards his sister drove out the remembrance of her grievous faults and offences against himself. He saw his whole past now with different eyes, and blamed himself unsparingly. His heart ached for the poor prodigal. He understood, by his own feelings—however faintly and afar off—the yearning of the Good Shepherd's heart after the one sheep which is "gone astray." But—the question kept recurring—supposing he *did* ever find his sister again, what could he do to succour and restore her if Katharine had no pity and mercy and would give no help? It was a question to which there was no answer.

So now those sudden words of his wife's, and her softening look, almost broke Oliver down. He turned away and leant over the low wall above the river, resting his elbows upon it and sheltering his face in his hands. Not even his wife must see how unnerved he was. But in spite of his efforts at self-control his shaking shoulders and bent head told their tale, and Katharine stood conscience-stricken and dismayed. After a minute she went timidly to his side and laid her hand on his arm.

"Oh, Oliver," she whispered piteously, "you have been grieving about her and never told me! And I've been absorbed in my own troubles and did not see. But *indeed* I never knew you cared for her so much."

Oliver looked round. His face was drawn and haggard, but a new light of hope and comfort was beginning to dawn in his eyes. "Neither did I, dear," he said gently, "till after our own trouble came. But somehow it has made me see everything differently. When I think of our own little one safe—*there*—for ever—"

Poor Katharine shivered and sighed. "I want her *here*," she murmured under her breath,

but her husband went on, in an increasingly gentle voice—

"When I think of her with our Saviour, and know that she can never do wrong or come to any harm or lose her innocent whiteness, I feel so—so remorseful about that poor sister of mine, who was once a little white child too. And I see now how much I am to blame—how little I have ever done to help her, compared with what I might have done. She haunts me day and night, dear, and that's the truth. I never pass a day without thinking of her, and she comes into my dreams again and again, looking—"

Graham's words died away, and he stood staring into the brown waters of the river, as they went swirling past on an ebb tide. Higher up, where the sunset light was flooding the water and covering its still surface with a network of flame and gold, Father Thames was like a highway for Divine Feet; but down here in the shadows he was grim and frowning, suggestive of dreadful secrets committed to his keeping, mindful of ruined lives seeking to forget themselves in his depths. Katharine, following her husband's glance, shuddered at the visions that dark flood called up.

"Don't think of it, Noll," she cried, pressing closer to him. "It is wrong even to fancy she could do anything so dreadful. And indeed, dear, you are hard on yourself. You *did* try to do your duty by her—I am certain you did. Remember, for instance, how you gave her the use of your father's money."

Oliver sighed out of the very depths of his heart. "So I did, but it was only to salve my conscience—and what a fatal gift it was! It just made her undoing easy. No, no, don't try to excuse me, Katharine; it is far better I should blame myself and be unhappy when I so richly deserve it. I see it all now—I have always put myself first, and made getting on in life my one object. Even as a boy I always looked after my own interests first, and took as little trouble about Maidie as I decently could. She has had the *least* I could do for her, not the *most*. And oh, Katharine, when I think of what—He—has done for us, and see the contrast, I feel as if nothing I can ever do can undo the shame."

Oliver spoke in a low voice, with his face turned away, but in the evening quiet every word fell distinctly on his wife's ears. When a *woman* says "I have sinned," and humbly acknowledges her shortcomings, it stirs other women to be humble too; but when a *man* goes down into the Valley of Humiliation, those who are privileged to know of his repentance feel that it is something so deep and so utterly transforming that their own penitence is but a poor, shallow thing, compared to it. Katharine was deeply humbled, and touched beyond words. She might feel, with that rather narrow common sense of hers, that her husband was blaming himself unduly; and—being a woman—she might say to herself that women have free wills and the power to choose, and that their lives are, after all, in their own hands, to mar or make. But, in the presence of this

utter self-abasement and frank acceptance of blame, she could breathe no word of such thoughts. She dared only—very humbly—put her hand in her husband's arm and let her silence speak her sympathy.

After a while, as they were walking homewards in the pleasant twilight, Katharine said, "Oliver—I have been thinking often, lately, of—your sister—too. Somehow, the idea got hold of me, when I was so dreadfully miserable, that—that God had taken Daisy away from me as a—*punishment*." The last word was spoken so low that Oliver could barely hear it. He drew his wife's hand tenderly through his arm.

"A punishment, my dear? For what?"

"Why, for being so cruel to—to Marjory—that night." Katharine's words came broken with heavy sighs. "I've never told you, Oliver; but oh—if *you* have been haunted, so have I. God is punishing, *punishing* me."

Graham was thankful that they were within sight of their own door, for he could feel Katharine trembling so, that she could scarcely stand. When they were within doors, and she was on the sofa, he knelt beside her, and took her hands in his own.

"My dear," he said, very earnestly, "don't let yourself ever think such a thought again. If anyone deserves punishment for that sad business, it was I, not *you*. You were taken by storm—it was grossly unfair upon you—and you were very young and inexperienced, and knew nothing of the hard struggles of life or of all the excuses that there were for that poor creature. Not one woman in a hundred would have acted differently. If anyone should bear blame and punishment, it is on my shoulders that they should fall."

Katharine leant her head against her husband, and her tears fell like rain. The hard, chill frost of her sorrow was thawing and melting away; the ice-bound soul within her was beginning to awake and spread its wings. "I was so hard

—so heartless," she whispered. "And now I have lost all my power of loving. It is all gone with Daisy. God has taken it away."

Oliver stroked her hair in silence for a minute or two. "Dear, don't say that," he answered softly. "'All my fresh springs shall be in Thee'—isn't that what the psalm says? He will give you—and me—a fresh spring of hope



"OH, OLIVER," SHE WHISPERED PITEOUSLY, "YOU HAVE BEEN GRIEVING ABOUT HER, AND NEVER TOLD ME."

and courage—yes, and even of joy. His chastisements are never cruel ones. It grieves the Father's heart to hurt us, and He only does it to bring us closer to Him. And the taking Daisy from us was not a punishment, it was a—lesson; because I suppose He saw we needed one. If we can't believe that with our *hearts*, Katharine, with our *wills* we can; and by-and-by our hearts will follow. It seemed utterly impossible, did it not, when we heard these words over the dear little soul's coffin—'The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord'—

so utterly *impossible* ever to make them one's own? Yet I do believe He can make us able, if we ask Him."

"But it was so hard—so *cruel*—to take her from us like that, in such a painful, shocking way," whispered Katharine, shivering. "And I can't *bear* it when I think that she might have been here now, but for that wretched woman's carelessness. I feel as if it would have been so much easier to part with her after an illness—something that came in a natural sort of way."

"And yet the other was just as much *His* doing, we must believe," returned Oliver steadily. "And she scarcely suffered at all. Indeed, dearest, all the pain and suffering are *ours*—the Good Shepherd took our little lamb straight out of our arms into His own. We do wrong to dwell upon that part of it. It was so short and so soon over—the only bit of suffering she has ever had to bear."

"Oh, my empty arms—my empty heart!" moaned Katharine, hiding her face upon her husband's breast. His own tears dropped slowly upon her fair head. What could he say, what could he do to comfort her? Yet how infinitely better this outspoken sorrow was, than the parched, dumb grief of the last few months! In all the agony of his longing to bring comfort and feeling of powerlessness to do it, Oliver Graham could still humbly thank God, because—little as he deserved it—there was no longer any barrier between his wife and himself. They understood each other again. Nay, they were closer together than ever before.

Katharine's sobs died away after a time, and she lay very still. At last she put up her hand softly to stroke her husband's cheek. "You *do* comfort me so," she whispered, like a child. "What shall I do, Noll, to learn to love again? That poor woman, Mrs. Avering, said that the Father would put His own Son in my arms in place of Daisy—what do you think she meant?"

Oliver smiled. It was a quaint simile, but he understood. "I think she meant that if we try to care for His poor and sick children, He will give us comfort through them, and fill the empty spaces of our hearts."

Katharine sighed. Was that all? It was like being told to bathe in the waters of Jordan when longing for some far mightier flood!

"Well, I suppose I must try," she said wearily. "But I have no heart for anything. And I know so little about poor people, and I never got on with them. It would be so much easier if I had begun—before." There it was, the old experience which the struggling children of men have to prove, each in their turn, when sorrow comes to them. We are counselled to remember our Creator *before* "the evil days" come and "the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them." We are advised to "will" tasks "in hours of insight"—in the free, courageous, inspired days of youth and hopefulness—that we may be able to fulfil them "through hours of gloom."

To have trained ourselves to think of others and to care for them; to have taught ourselves to give, patiently, regularly, faithfully, of our time and energies to the service of others, is to have got hold of a sheet-anchor for stormy days and to have made a "straight path" for our feet, on which they will not stumble in the thickest mists of desolation and sorrow. For ah, it is hard to *begin* serving others when the spring of one's own courage is broken and one's own heart is heavy as lead. All honour to those who, thus halt and maimed, set out upon that path, and follow it, "faint, yet pursuing." They may not have done as much as the others, when the Master calls the labourers to give them their hire; but of them He will say, "I will give unto this last even as unto thee." They also "shall come again with joy, bringing their sheaves with them."

CHAPTER XXV.—FOUND.

THERE is a workhouse in London where the women inmates have for their airing ground the disused graveyard of a neighbouring church. The graveyard has been "improved" after the manner now in vogue in the open spaces of our metropolis. There are seats under the trees, and gravel walks, and a certain number of flower-beds. Still, the square old-fashioned tombstones are the salient features of the spot, and the spectacle, to passers-by, of the women, old and middle-aged, creeping dully about among these grim monuments of bygone citizens, has something weird and strange about it. On a foggy winter afternoon their white caps gleam, with a sort of dull light, among the vapours of the place. As they wander aimlessly round, or stand in vacant, motionless groups among the graves, they look almost like the ghosts of their inhabitants haunting the place where they were laid to rest. Those white-capped beings, in their monotonous attire, look well nigh as devoid of hope, as completely cut off from the "madding crowd" and set apart from the activities and energies of busy men and women, as are those citizens of Chelsea whose bones lie beneath their feet.

It is that appalling aimlessness and want of purpose, that paralysis of the spring of life, which make a workhouse such a depressing place to those who view it with unaccustomed eyes. Those whose duty takes them there habitually either don't feel that depression at all, or else have won the power of sight which love and compassion give—that heavenly second sight which

"No soul of man can worthless find,
All will be precious in his sight,
Since Christ on all hath shined."

To Katharine Graham the spectacle of so many hopeless faces—of such a regiment of broken-down men and women—was little short of appalling. She was being taken over one of the biggest and best managed of our London workhouses—a palace of yellow brick chastely

picked out with red, covering several acres of ground in one of the highest and healthiest of the northern suburbs. No matter that neatness and order reigned everywhere, and that the wards and day rooms were models of lightness and successful ventilation. To Katharine, who had never before been within the walls of a Poor Law institution, it all seemed unspeakably dreary. The apathetic, ill-tempered, degraded faces of so many of the inmates haunted her like a bad dream—haunted her all the more because she felt herself so helpless to cheer or comfort them. The depressing uniformity everywhere, and the way that all individuality seem to disappear with the donning of the pauper dress, weighed upon her soul. She knew nothing, so far, of the many ministries of succour and cheering which have their recognised place, nowadays, in our London work-houses.

"The people here are *numbers*, not men or women," was her pitying thought. "All hope abandon, ye who enter here," ought to be written over the gate, it seems to me."

So Katharine followed her friend, Miss Lindesay—that shrewdest and most kindly of women guardians—and the brisk, exquisitely neat matron, upstairs and down, along corridors and across quadrangles, with a heart growing more and more oppressed and pitiful. The tour of inspection was nearly completed, when the matron—pausing in the middle of a courtyard across which she was conducting her visitors—remarked, "By the way, Miss Lindesay, one of our inmates from Block D is doing some decorations for the Christmas entertainment. Perhaps you and this lady would care to see them? They really are very pretty. She's quite a genius, I tell her."

"Yes, yes, let us display our local talent, by all means," responded the genial Miss Lindesay, and she and Katharine followed their guide towards the door of a low building opening directly from the courtyard. "I have put her here," said the matron, with her hand on the door, "that she may be quiet and get on with her painting. She wouldn't have a chance in the day room; some of the women are so noisy and troublesome." It was a clean bare room, with whitewashed walls reflecting the full light of a gas bracket hanging from the ceiling. Just under the light stood a tall slight woman in the pauper dress, with her back turned towards the door. In one hand was a long paint-brush and in the other a palette, set with coarse colours; propped up against a table was an arch made in pasteboard, and in course of being painted with a wreath of cherubs' faces surrounding a scroll with the Christmas message—"Peace on earth: good-will to men." Against the walls stood a couple of panels, bearing bold designs of white lilies and red roses, springing out of pots, admirably drawn and coloured.

"I've brought our lady guardian to see your painting, No. 15," said the matron in her

brisk, professional voice; but No. 15 either did not hear or would not notice. She was absorbed in her work; and by the quick appreciative turns of her head and the sweep of the arm holding the brush showed keen enjoyment. The last words of the text were being put in; "Good-will" was shaping itself under her skilful brush with the precision and certainty of a professional's handling.

Miss Lindesay, after a moment's survey through her eyeglasses, stepped forward to the pauper's side with words of friendly approbation.



"THAT IS MY PROFESSION," SHE SAID IN HALF-RESENTFUL TONES.

"Why, this is first rate," she cried, in her genial, hearty voice. "I've not seen anything so good for a long time. Those roses and lilies might have come out of an Italian picture! They are worthy of an artist."

The white-capped head was turned, with a curious dignified gesture, towards the speaker, and a voice said—in tones half resentful of the implied patronage—"That is my profession."

With a half-stifled exclamation, Katharine fell back a step. Subdued as was that voice since the time when she had heard it—on that March night nearly two years ago, ringing

with defiance and excitement—she recognised it in a moment. In fact, the hearing of it had been scarcely needful, or the sight, under the stiff prim cap, of that vivid face, to tell her that it was Maidie—the lost Maidie—whom she saw before her. From the moment when, through the opening door, she had first caught a glimpse of that woman's figure, a strange uncanny feeling had seized her—a conviction that some startling revelation was at hand. She would have found it hard to say whether she was more surprised, or shocked, at the discovery she had made.

The statement of No. 15 as to her "profession" had been received by Miss Lindesay with an "Oh, indeed!" that sounded slightly taken aback. But, accustomed as she was to finding inmates of "the House" from among all ranks of society, her surprise was but of brief duration. After an inquisitive glance at the painter's face she turned, with quickened interest, to examine her handiwork.

The matron, it appeared, was troubled with slight qualms lest the cherubs' heads should be thought "too churchy" to be suitable for the adornment of the workhouse dining-room, where the Christmas party was to be held. Miss Lindesay and she were absorbed, for the moment, in the consideration of this problem, and had no eyes for emotions that might be passing on the faces of the other two.

Katharine, recovering herself with an effort, cast another hurried nervous glance in the artist's direction. It came like an electric shock, making her tingle all over, to find her look encountered by the full steady gaze of those great black eyes, fixed upon her face. So to Maidie, too, recognition had come! Katharine found herself riveted, as if by some strange fascination. Wish as she might, she could not turn her eyes away. So there they stood—for a moment that seemed to Katharine, at any rate, like an eternity—staring into each other's eyes. They were so near, only a few paces apart, and yet—oh, so far asunder! There was a gulf between them, across which they were gazing into each other's faces.

Katharine was beginning to feel as if she could endure it no longer—she must cry out or sink upon the floor—when, with the faintest shadow of a smile, Maidie turned her eyes away, and returned to her painting. Her proud gaze swept over her handiwork; and in another moment she was as much absorbed in finishing "Good-will to men" as if she were alone with her paints between those four white walls.

The spell was broken and Katharine could breathe again, but she was trembling all over, unable to speak for agitation. To hide her perturbation she turned away and pretended to be absorbed in studying one of the completed panels; but Maidie's roses and lilies, on their sky-blue ground, danced before her eyes and she could see nothing distinctly. Still, bewildered as she was, one thought soon shaped itself distinctly upon her brain—one

question rose, in fiery clearness, before her mind. It must be settled, then and there.

Marjory, it was plain, had recognised her, but it was plain, also, that she intended to give no sign of having done so. She would leave it to Katharine to acknowledge her, or not, as she pleased. It rested with herself either to say, "You are Marjory Graham—and you know that I am Oliver's wife," or to make some conventional remark about the skill and prettiness of the paintings, bestow a slight formal bow on the nameless pauper, and go her way. She could do which she pleased. And *what* a temptation it was to do so—to act like the priest in our Lord's parable! What complications and difficulties it would avoid! What a shipwreck it would make of their comfort, and what an invasion it would be of their peaceful home, to receive a miserable pauper there, straight from the workhouse!

And yet—was not here the chance she had prayed for every day since that evening in June—the "one more chance" to rescue the wanderer, to bring back the lost sheep from the wilderness, to undo the effect of her cruel words, "Send her away this minute!"? But again, on the other hand, was it fair upon Oliver, who was much over-worked just now, and was by no means well, to throw such an additional burden upon his shoulders? He needed all the comforting and quiet that she could give him when away from business. Was *she* bound—of all people—to involve him in this terrible worry and distress?

Mental struggles are hopeless things to describe on paper. The *pros* and *cons* may be marshalled in due array, but what idea can be given, by lumbering words, of the stress and strain of the conflict?—of the rush and whirl of thoughts and counter-thoughts through the mind?

Katharine fairly jumped when Miss Lindesay touched her on the arm and said, "I am afraid we must be going, Mrs. Graham. I'm glad you admire those works of art so much. They will be a grand feature at our Christmas treat. You really ought to come and see them hung up in the hall."

"Oh, thank you," said Katharine mechanically. "I should like it very much." Her head was in a whirl—her mind not in the least made up. She stood a moment irresolute. Wishes and inclinations—her strong sense of expediency—clamoured to her to go and leave Marjory to her richly deserved fate. Nobody but herself need ever know she had done it—and it was for Oliver's sake. And then that text that Maidie was painting, in its scarlet lettering—"Good-will to men"—caught her eye. The "Good-will" of the Heavenly Father—how had He shown it? "He that spared not His own Son"—And what did he ask of His children in return? To show *their* Good-will by giving up themselves to the service of their brethren. Did it mean the loss of comfort, credit, home delights, still it must be done if God asked it—

Katharine Graham laid a tight nervous grip on Miss Lindesay's comfortable arm. "I—I know something of that person," she whispered, in great agitation. "Should I—can I—would it be possible for me to speak to her alone?"

"Oh, certainly," said her companion without manifesting any surprise. No queer recognitions or unlooked-for reappearances can astonish an experienced guardian, well drilled in the kaleidoscope of human fortunes. She and the matron promptly disappeared, and the door was shut behind them.

When the sound of footsteps, upon the asphalt court, had died away, Katharine faced about and looked at her sister-in-law, wondering how she should speak to her—what she should say. She had flung her rope across the gulf, it was true; but the question was, would it be grasped at the other end?

Maidie was still standing with her back turned, and there were pride and defiance in every line of her figure; but Katharine could see that only by an intense effort was she maintaining her composure—and the brush of red paint had strayed in a jerky zigzag line right across the scroll.

The room was so still, for a minute, that you might have heard a pin drop. Then Katharine, taking her courage in both hands, walked to Marjory's side and touched her on the arm.

"Marjory," she said, very low and gently, "I was unkind to you once—hard and cruel—but I have been very sorry for it since, and I want to ask you to forgive me. I have myself known trouble now—*great* trouble—and it has taught me, I hope, to see things differently. I know how impossible it is to despise others when one is oneself so full of faults. Maidie, will you forgive me?"

A shiver had run through Marjory's frame at the touch of that unlooked-for hand; but she was still trying to maintain the defences of her pride, and would not look round. But at the word "trouble" she darted a quick glance at the speaker, and her face softened and grew anxious.

"What trouble?" she asked sharply. "What trouble have you had? People like you and Oliver don't deserve to have troubles—they should be kept for ne'er-do-weels like me!"

Katharine glanced down at her black dress, and her lips quivered. "We had a little child, and we lost her, in the spring. She was eleven months old, and such a darling—the prettiest little thing you ever saw. And she—she was burnt to death. A lamp fell upon her and set her frock alight."

Marjory dropped her palette with a clatter, and hid her face in her hands. "Oh, I am so, so sorry for you," she sobbed. "Your little child?—Oh what a heart-breaking trouble! And I've had trouble too. My old Sally died in October—the only one I had to love me in all the world! It was that which drove me here—it didn't seem worth while to struggle on, and—starve—when there was only myself to do it

for. I had been engaged to be married, you see, to a very rich fellow, who promised to give me everything I could wish for. But he threw me over for a French girl who was younger and hadn't lost her good looks—he treated me shamefully, the wretch! And I had sacrificed so much for him—though, thank God, I'd never taken a penny of his money! And so, when Sally went, I just gave up and came in here! It was a choice between that and—worse. But I shan't stay in this prison much longer. I've nobody to keep straight for now. I may as well go and have my fling." The tears trickled out between Maidie's fingers—such emaciated fingers they were! The very look of them told a tale that wrung Katharine's heart.

"Oh, Maidie," she cried, pressing her soft palms against those piteous hands and trying to pull them down from the haggard face, "have you been starving, and never let us know? Oh how *could* you do us such injustice? I know, alas! that it was *my* fault that you got such an impression of me—you had no cause to think me anything but hard and unkind. But Oliver—surely you might have believed in *his* kindness? You might have appealed to him for help? He always tried to help you whenever he could. That morning when you went away before he came, he hunted for you high and low. And he has thought of you ever since, and fretted about you, and lately we have *both* been looking for you, Maidie. We have always been hoping that you would—would come or write to us again. Why, *why* did you leave us so long in the dark? Did you never mean to let Oliver hear of you any more?"

"No, *never*," said Maidie, looking up and speaking with decision. "Oliver had had more than enough trouble about me. He'd been very good—up to his lights—and I felt it was hard for him to be tied to an incubus like me. And I knew I shouldn't be welcome in a home like yours—of *course* I couldn't be. You go to dinner-parties and balls, and are getting on in society—it wasn't to be expected that you could be troubled with one of *my* sort. No, I made up my mind that at least I'd let you off the infliction of my presence—and it often comforted me and cheered me up, when I was very much down on my luck and didn't know where to turn for a sixpence, to think that *one* of us, at any rate, never knows what it is to be hard up, or to have to dodge the landlady because one hasn't got the rent."

Katharine, with her hands clinging to Maidie's, bowed her head to hide how bitterly she was crying. Her companion looked at her for a moment, with a strange mixture of triumph and of tenderness in her face, and then spoke again, in the same high-pitched, rapid voice—with a strange fluency of speech, as if she were telling a story about some other person.

"That time when I was ill in St. George's Hospital, and Jack Hepburn was so good to me, it did seem as if I were going to see Noll again—and perhaps you too—whether I would

or no. Jack swore he would bring him; he said he would *make* him come. And I was so weak and miserable then—quite beaten for the time—that I think I was almost glad. But as I got better, I saw it in the old way again, and all my mind was turned to getting well as fast as I could, so that I might be off before either of you came. And I wanted John to lose sight of me too—I couldn't have him coming after me at home, and letting me turn his life into bitterness as well as my own. It seemed to help me, somehow, to get my strength back—the wish to be well enough to go. And I *did* steal a march on Jack—poor old Jack! I can just fancy his face when Sister told him I had departed!" Maidie even smiled a little—a thin ghost of a smile.

"But don't you think," said Katharine timidly, "it was unkind to treat Mr. Hepburn so? He loves you devotedly—he would gladly give his life to make you happy. Might you not have trusted yourself to him? I suppose even *he* does not know where you now are?"

"No, he doesn't, and I don't intend he should," returned Maidie, with a touch of her old haughty manner. "You can't judge—I ought to know myself best—and it would just drive me crazy to go and settle down at Pether Grange with Jack and his mother—you don't know his *mother*, you see!—and be a working farmer's wife for the rest of my days; I couldn't bring myself to *that*, even to spite that—that other fellow!" Maidie set her teeth, and her fierce eyes blazed. "I should run away before a year was out. No," she added, with a long, weary sigh, "there's no rest for me on this side the grave—I've found that out, long ago! I was never meant to make a good man's wife or have little innocent children of my own. I think sometimes I may—*die* in John Hepburn's arms, but I won't make his life miserable by being his wife."

Maidie stopped. Two great hot drops from Katharine's eyes fell on her gaunt hand. She eyed them curiously, and then brushed them tenderly away. "I'm not worth crying over—Oliver's wife," she said softly.

"Maidie," said Katharine, with sudden eagerness, "listen to me. You think perhaps that it's a mere chance I have found you to-day, but I don't. I believe it is God's doing. He has brought you to me, and given me the chance I prayed for, and I've got to save you. I'm *going* to do it. You must come home, Maidie—come home straight away, this very evening, to Oliver and me. You shall be one of ourselves—Oliver's dear sister and mine. You and he must begin again, and take up life as it was when you were a little girl and boy together. We will forget all the sad, unhappy time between, and never speak of it. It shall be as if it had never been. Do you under-

stand, Maidie—my sister Maidie? You *will* come with me to-night?"

Katharine's eyes were full of pleading, and her voice of tenderness. Her fair young face was lighted up with the divine radiance of compassion.

Maidie looked at her almost with awe—looked—and looked—and suddenly threw her arms round her neck and kissed her passionately again and again.

"God bless you, Katharine," she said hoarsely. "May God ever bless you for what you have done for me. It is far more than you can guess."

"And you *will* come home with me, at once? I'll go and tell the matron that you are my sister and I am going to take you home." Katharine spoke firmly—nay, even eagerly. The leap had been taken, and there should be no doing things by halves.

But Maidie shook her head. "No, no, dear, not to-night," she said, smiling into Katharine's face. "See, I *ought* to finish this. I've not done so big a thing for love since I don't know when, and you wouldn't like me to leave it unfinished? Think how disappointed Matron would be! Go your ways home, sister Katharine, and break the news gently to Oliver; and to-morrow—yes, to-morrow I will come. That will be best for both of us."

Katharine was very loth to go and leave her new-found wanderer behind; but Maidie was determined against coming that night, and though very gentle and clinging, no persuasions could make her change her mind. Katharine made her promise, over and over again, that she would not fail to come, and assured her, more and more earnestly, of what a welcome she should receive. She put money into her hand for the journey across London, and lingered wistfully over her farewells.

"I shall expect you by twelve—by twelve, remember, Maidie—at the latest," were her parting words. "I shall sit in the window and watch till you come. Good-bye, dear sister, till to-morrow—*only* till to-morrow."

"Good-bye, good-bye, dear sister," echoed Maidie, waving her hand. The light from the lamp over the porter's lodge shone on her face as she stood in the doorway, showing it softened and sweetened—wearing such a tender, gentle look. It seemed hardly possible it *could* be the same with that fierce, scowling, vindictive countenance which Katharine had seen before. "Surely," thought her sister-in-law, as she walked away down the dark street, "she is half-restored already? A little time and patience, and we shall have her happy and at peace again. And if it is hard work, and needing a great deal of patience—well, I've time enough for it *now*; and perhaps my heart will stop aching and my arms will feel less empty if I am trying to do something that is difficult and painful for *His* sake."



IN THE WAY.

[Drawn by Gordon Browne, R.I.]

AUSTRALIAN SKETCHES.

LITERATURE.

THE brief history of the Australian colonies, and the special conditions of Australian life, have to be borne in mind when we consider the literature which Australia has produced. Australia has a literature of its own, not voluminous perhaps, but distinctive. And it may, I think, be said that Australian literature is no unworthy offshoot from the parent stock. There are some works of Australian writers which will find a permanent place in the literature of the English-speaking race.

Poetry.

In the front rank of Australian poets stands Henry Clarence Kendall (b. 1841, d. 1882). The story of Kendall's life is a sad one, and it has left its mark upon his poetry. He was a man of weak character, and fell a ready prey to the temptations of city life. But if he sinned, he sorrowed for his sin, and, better than all, sought the Divine mercy. Here are some of his references to his own life. Addressing "The Voice in the Wild Oak," he says :

"But I, who am that perished soul,
Have wasted so these powers of mine
That I can never write that whole,
Pure, perfect speech of thine."

In another poem he speaks of

"The youth thrown away, and the faculties wasted."

But the most pathetic of all is his poem "On a Street." In it he says :

"I try to hide in Lethe's sands
The bitter old Bohemian days,
But sorrow speaks in singing leaf,
And trouble talketh in the tide :
The skirts of a stupendous grief
Are trailing ever at my side."

He goes on to refer to his careworn wife and his dying child, and then he says :

"Have I no word at all for him
Who used down fetid lanes to shrink,
And squat in tap-room corners grim
And drown his thoughts in dregs of drink ?
This much I'll say, that when the flame
Of reason re-assumed its force,
The hell the Christian fears to name
Was heaven to his fierce remorse."

"But He in whom the dying thief
Upon the Cross did place his trust,
Forgets the sin and feels the grief,
And lifts the sufferer from the dust ;
And now, because I have a dream
The man and woman found the light,
A glory burns upon the stream,
With gold and green the woods are bright."

Perhaps the sweetest poems Kendall wrote are his short poems on "The Austral Months." Of October, the Australian spring-time, he says :

"This is the queen of all the year. She brings
The pure chief beauty of our Southern Springs."

Of November (what a contrast to our time of fogs!) :

"She is the wonder with the golden wings,
Who lays one hand in Summer's—one in Spring's."

Better known in England, and perhaps, in Australia, more popular than Kendall, is Adam Lindsay Gordon. Gordon was not a native of Australia, but his poetry strikes chords that are dear to the Australian's heart. The free and cheery life of the bush ; the gallop in the exhilarating air, fragrant with the sweet scent of the gum-tree ; and, it must be added, too, the excitement of the race-course ; all these find their place in Gordon's musical verse. But he seldom touches the deeper notes which are to be found in Kendall's poetry. Born in the Azores, in 1833, he was educated at Cheltenham College, Woolwich, and Oxford. He emigrated to South Australia in 1853, and there became a trooper in the mounted police. He subsequently lived at Ballarat and Melbourne, and became famous as a steeple-chase rider. He is, indeed, the poet of the race-course. Listen to this, from his poem "Cito pede præterit Ætas," in "Sea Spray and Smoke Drift."

"Yet, if once we efface the joys of the chase
From the land and outroot the STUD,
GOOD-BYE TO THE ANGLO-SAXON RACE !
FAREWELL TO THE NORMAN BLOOD !"

How thoroughly Australian ! Yet how ridiculous is the claim. It was Lord Beaconsfield who said that the turf is a vast engine of national demoralisation. Gordon's own career is a sad commentary on these lines, for he died by his own hand in 1870.

Yet Gordon could sometimes pay a tribute to moral greatness. Thus, in his poem of "Delilah," he says :

"The valour from virtue that sunders
Is left of its nobler part ;
And Lancelot's arm may work wonders,
But braver is Galahad's heart."

James Brunton Stephens, called "the Poet of Queensland," is a Scotsman by birth. Born in 1835, he came to Australia in 1866. He was for many years head-master of a State school, and subsequently held an appointment in a Government office. The chief note of his poetry is that of humour, with a considerable resem-

blance to the verse of Bret Harte. "A Brisbane Reverie" is a humorous comparison of Brisbane, when the black fellow roamed there undisturbed, and the same place under the influences of "civilisation." At times he is flippant; striking, for instance, a note that is pretty common in Queensland and elsewhere—that of contempt for the black—in his poem "To a Black Gin," in which he ridicules the idea that such a person could be his sister, as "the clergy tell me." But he, too, is capable of a nobler strain, as in his poems "A Boy Crusader" and "The Angel of the Doves."

If Scotland gave its poet to Queensland, "from her wilds Ierne sent" Thomas Bracken to New Zealand by way of Victoria. Born in Ireland in 1843, Bracken came to Australia in 1855, and took up his abode in Dunedin in 1869, and there he has been a leading journalist.¹ In his poem "Old Bendigo," he glorifies the miner's life of the early days, and says with truth:

"The digger's shirt was freedom's badge; beneath it
honour's glow
Lit up a generous manly flame on dear old Bendigo."

One of the sweetest poems in the English language is his "Good-night to Baby," concluding with this verse—

"Purer sight to her is given,
All the star-nailed gates are riven,
Opening up a view of Heaven
In her dreams to Baby."

And here is a fine verse from a fine poem of his, "Not Understood":

"O God! that men would see a little clearer,
Or judge less harshly where they cannot see!
O God! that men would draw a little nearer
To one another! they'd be nearer Thee,
And understood."

Two new poets have come to the front in Australia within the last few years. These are A. B. Paterson and E. B. Loughran. I have only space here to notice Paterson's charming volume "The Man from Snowy River." His poems are chiefly descriptive of bush life, many of them deeply pathetic. Here is one in a lighter vein on Australian native names. He tells of shearers who sat in the twilight, telling stories, and "throwing in some local names."

"And a man from the bleak Monaro, away to the table-land,
He fixed his eyes on the ceiling, and he started to play his hand.

"He told them of Adjintoothbong, where the pine-clad mountains freeze,
And the weight of the snow in summer breaks branches off the trees,
And, as he warmed to the business, he let them have it strong—
Mimitybelle, Conargo, Wheeo, Bongongolong;

¹ While these pages are passing through the press, news has just reached us of the death of Mr. Bracken.

He lingered over them fondly, because they recalled to mind

A thought of the old bush homestead, and the girl that he left behind.

Then the shearers all sat silent till a man in the corner rose:

Said he, 'I've travelled a plenty, but never heard names like those.

Out in the western districts, out on the Castlereagh
Most of the names are easy—short for a man to say.

"'You've heard of Mungrybambone and the Gundabluey pine,
Quobbotha, Girilambone, and Terramungamine,
Quambone, Eunonyhareenyha, Wee Waa and Buntijo—'"

But he could get no farther. His hearers could stand it no longer, and interrupted the conversation.

No notice of Australian poetry would be complete without a grateful reference to the work of Douglas Sladen. In his "Australian Ballads and Rhymes," "A Century of Australian Song," and "Australian Poets, 1788-1888," Mr. Sladen has, with the aid of the colonial press, collected not only specimens of the best known poets, but also the more fugitive work of less known writers. The result has been the preservation to our English literature of many precious gems of poetry. Mr. Sladen himself has written some capital verse. He is at his best in historical poems, such as "Waterloo" and "Drake and Raleigh."

Fiction.

Of Australian novelists, the name of "Rolf Boldrewood" (Mr. T. H. Browne) is perhaps the most widely known. Certainly there is no other writer of Australian fiction who has described so fully the varied aspects of Australian life. The "early days" are described in "The Squatter's Dream," "The Miner's Right," and "Robbery under Arms," the nature of which books is sufficiently indicated by their titles. Colonial life in its more modern aspects is well put before us in "A Sydney-Side Saxon" and "A Colonial Reformer." The latter of these is an amusing story, telling the adventures of Mr. Neuchamp ("new chum" being the Australian name for every new arrival from the old country—be he digger or bishop, university professor or poor parson). Most "new chums" have a very keen eye for the defects of colonial life in their respective departments, and very soon learn that new conditions may necessitate new methods.

Rolf Boldrewood's subsequent works have not enhanced his reputation. But if he had written none but the first three I have mentioned, he would have deserved well a premier place in Australian literature.

There are few more powerful stories in the English language than Marcus Clarke's "For the Term of his Natural Life." It is a description of the early convict days. Mr. Clarke, who was a journalist, and sub-librarian of the Melbourne Public Library, died in Melbourne in 1881.

Henry Kingsley, though not a native of Australia, any more than Rolf Boldrewood or Marcus Clarke, resided there for five years, and must be classed among Australian writers on account of his two fine stories "The Recollections of Geoffrey Hamlyn" and "The Hillyars and the Burtons." As a picture of Australian bush life "Geoffrey Hamlyn" has never been surpassed. Henry Kingsley was a brother of the Rev. Charles Kingsley.

Under the category of those who have enriched the literature of Australia, though not Australian-born, must also be classed Mr. E. W. Hornung, author of "A Bride from the Bush," "The Boss of Taroomba," "An Unbidden Guest," etc.

Among the more recent writers of Australian fiction, a high place has been already won by one of the youngest of them, Ethel Turner (now Mrs. Curlewis). Her story "Seven Little Australians" has had a great popularity. It is a vigorous tale of Australian home life, with a happy mingling of humour and pathos. She has also written a sequel to it, "The Family at Misrule."

Another lady writer of much power is Mary Gaunt, author of "Dave's Sweetheart," a vivid description of some of the more repulsive features of bush life. Ada Cambridge—wife of a Church of England clergyman at Williams-town, near Melbourne—has written several interesting stories, such as "The Three Miss Kings" and "A Marriage Ceremony." Margaret Parker, author of "Ida Cameron" and "To Him who Waits," has made an excellent beginning in these stories of domestic life in Australia.

Henry Lawson's recent book, "While the Billy Boils," is a series of realistic sketches, chiefly of bush life. The stories are vividly told, but deal with the darker experiences of the bush.

The novel with a purpose is not wanting in Australia, and the best representative of it is Canon Horace Tucker's book "The New Arcadia." In this ably-written story Mr. Tucker deals with the ever-present relations between capital and labour, and the sad conditions under which the poor live, even in Australian cities. Canon Tucker is well known as a philanthropist, especially in connection with the Village Settlement movement in Australia.

History. If we turn to the writers of Australian history, we shall find foremost among them the veteran James Bonwick, who now lives in a suburb of London, in the evening of his days. Mr. Bonwick was for a time Inspector of Schools in Victoria,¹ and has for some time acted as Archivist to the Government of New South Wales; seven volumes of his history of that colony having been already published. His numerous narratives, such as "The Discovery and Settlement of Port Phillip," "John Batman, the Founder of Victoria," "Early Struggles of Trade in New

South Wales," "First Twenty Years in Australia," etc., relate in simple style many incidents of great interest in the early days of the colonies.

Mr. G. W. Rusden is another Australian historian, best known by his large works on "The History of New Zealand" and the "History of Australia." Another popular writer is Mr. J. F. Hogan, M.P., author of "The Irish in Australia," "A Life of Robert Lowe, Lord Sherbrooke," and other well-known works. Nor must we forget the valuable work of Westgarth, of Ernest Favenc, of William Howitt, of the late Rev. Dr. Lang, and for educational purposes, the Australian History of Alexander Sutherland; while Professor E. E. Morris's "Life of the late Chief Justice Higinbotham" is a noteworthy narrative of the political history of Victoria. "Men who made the Empire" has made the Rev. W. H. Fitchett well known outside Australia.

Science. In scientific literature the foremost name is that of the late Baron Sir Ferdinand von Müller, of Melbourne, who died in 1897. Baron von Müller's works on the "Plants of Victoria," "Fragmenta Phytographica Australiae," etc., are recognised as standard works on these subjects.

Theology. Among theological or ecclesiastical writers may be mentioned Canon Goodman; the late Rev. Dr. Steel, of Sydney; Professor Andrew Harper, who has written on "Deuteronomy" in the Expositor's Bible Series; and in the field of ecclesiastical controversy, Professor Rentoul, of Melbourne, who has recently written on "The Early Church and the Roman Claim."

Journalism. In the field of journalism, Australian newspapers take a high place. For the quality of their leading articles and the fulness of their general news, such papers as the Sydney "Morning Herald" and "Daily Telegraph," the Melbourne "Argus" and "Age," the "South Australian Register" and "The Advertiser," of Adelaide, the "Brisbane Courier," the "Otago Daily Times," of Dunedin, and the "New Zealand Times," of Wellington, will bear favourable comparison with the newspapers of our great cities at home. In some cases, however, the moral tone is not so high as in the great newspapers of England; and the work of the churches is either ignored or noticed in the briefest possible way.

The great Australian weeklies do much to supply the place of a monthly magazine. Such papers as the "Australasian," the "Sydney Mail," the "Queenslander," and the "Leader" are really large weekly magazines. Most of them cost 6d. weekly. They are well illustrated. They give a large space to agricultural pursuits, and thus meet the wants of the "squatter" and the "selector" in the bush. Australia has no general religious weekly worthy of the name, but it can certainly claim the credit of having the finest secular weekly newspapers in the world.

C. H. IRWIN.

¹ See "Leisure Hour" for 1863, pp. 638 and *passim*.

WATCHES OLD AND NEW.

IN a recent letter to the editor of the "Leisure Hour," Archdeacon Hornby, who was at Christ Church with Mr. Gladstone, remarks on the extraordinary changes in the watch-making trade during his recollection, and as an instance relates how his first watch was a thirty-five-guinea one by Grimaldi, or rather his successor, Johnson, and his latest, an eighteen-shilling steel one by Carmichael, which is quite as good a time-keeper.



FIG. 1.

The changes have indeed been great of late years, though watchmaking is not such a very old trade after all. It is, undoubtedly, not so old as clockmaking; but when clockmaking began is difficult to say owing to the same word, horologium, being used for clock and sundial and every other measurer of time. And time was not always measured as now. It seems to be the fact that the early clocks divided the darkness and light separately, so that with the varying length of the days they had to be set afresh every night and morning. Another curious fact is that at a later stage the dial was not necessarily divided into twelfths, for in Italy there are several old clockfaces, like that at St. Peter's which has six divisions, so that the hands had to go round four times every twenty-four hours.

The first clocks appear to have been used in churches and monasteries. One, driven by a weight, is mentioned as having been made in 996 by Gerbert of Aurillac, who afterwards became Pope Sylvester the Second; but references to others are few and obscure. In 1286 St. Paul's had a clock-keeper, which presupposes a clock, and in 1325 Peter Lightfoot made the Glastonbury clock which is now in South Kensington Museum.

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According to Dr. Jessopp, "Edward the Third is said to have taken great interest in clocks, and to have given a great stimulus to their general introduction in England. At the beginning of the fifteenth century there seems to have been quite a mania for setting up parish clocks. They were doubtless clumsy affairs, and they were certainly very expensive luxuries. It is rare to find any parish accounts of the fifteenth century without finding a clock mentioned. It was always wanting mending, and it required a functionary to look after it, who usually took a contract for a year, but it was

the joy and pride of the parish. After the middle of the sixteenth century one rarely or ever meets with any allusion to the clock in the country parishes. Why? Not only because the parish funds had been stolen, and the parish income had disappeared, but because in the *Pillage* the parish bells had been among the first things to pull down and sell. That is, in Queen Elizabeth's days there were no bells for the clocks to strike on."

It was not until the invention of the coiled spring that watches were possible, but who was the first to apply this, whether Peter Hele of Nuremberg or another, is not known. Once it was introduced, however, watchmaking began to go ahead, and many were the ingenious devices tried and abandoned before the main line of the evolution of the modern watch became manifest.

The Nelthropp collection, now in the museum of the London Guildhall, contains some two hundred examples of early watchwork worthy of much more notice than it receives. Here is one timepiece with the works evidently made by a blacksmith before the separation of the smith and clock trades, and there are several watches with projecting pins at the hours so that the time could be told in the dark. All the early ones with a fusee have catgut instead of the chain, and are of course without the balance spring.

One of the watches of late seventeenth-century work has an engraved case representing the game of pall-mall. When Charles the Second played pall-mall he occasionally staked an "East," that being a watch made by the then fashionable maker, and in the collection is one of these watches, a small oval silver one with an outer silver case like a box. One very fine verge watch is by Richard Street, whom Sir Isaac Newton employed to make the clock for Trinity College observatory which now stands on the staircase of the Master of Trinity's lodge. In this watch the chain is rightly placed so as to act on the side of the fusee against the centre pinion, whereas in most English watches it acts on the opposite side, with the maximum of pressure and friction on the fusee pivots.

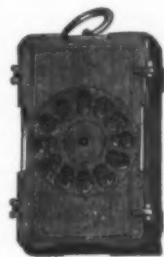


FIG. 2.

Tompion, the "father of English watchmakers," is of course represented, though his watches are curiously rare considering the time he was in business and the amount of work he got through. He died when 75, in 1713, and

was buried in Westminster Abbey, being, it is said, the only man buried there who began life as a blacksmith. Daniel Quare the Quaker, another famous maker, is also represented, and by a specimen of great interest. Barlow in 1617 invented the contrivance used in repeaters



FIG. 3.

for making the hours and quarters sound. Tompion adopted this, and put a button on either side of the watch, one to strike the hours and the other to strike the quarters. Quare used a single button to work both hours and quarters, a much simpler device, and here is one of his silver watches with the repetition work acting by the simple push piece through the pendant.

Two examples are specially noticeable as bearing on recent improvements. The first is a watch by Bük of Bregenz in which is an early attempt to wind up the mainspring without using a key, a weight being attached to the barrel arbor which a slight motion causes to move to and fro over the top plate and keep the spring wound up with the aid of a ratchet and click. The other is a fine specimen of the tourbillon as invented and patented by Breguet in 1801.

In this the escapement is carried in a revolving cage so as to avoid any error caused by the changing positions of the watch, and also to facilitate accurate adjustment. It is on much the same lines as this that the karrusel, or roundabout, the most successful of modern movements, is constructed. Of the watches that now gain first-class certificates at Kew every year, more than half are karrusels. The advantage of the movement is that it adjusts itself automatically to every position in which the watch may be placed, the balance itself turning round during the hour independently of its normal to and fro motion, so that it measures time with the same precision whether the dial is twelve o'clock upwards or three o'clock upwards, six o'clock upwards or nine o'clock upwards.

There may not at first sight seem to be much importance in this, but a little thought will make it clear that if, with twelve o'clock up for instance, the centre of gravity of the balance is slightly below the centre of motion, the watch will in consequence go faster than if the balance were in perfect poise; and if the watch be turned six o'clock up, it will for the same reason go more slowly. Hence if the balance can be made to revolve it will lose while the centre of gravity is above the axis what it has gained while below. Another advantage of Borniksen's system is that, owing to the con-

stant change of position, the wear on the pivots has no tendency to make them oval. The merits of Breguet's tourbillon were recognised from the first, and it is at least curious that it should have been neglected for so many years, until Coventry practically revived the idea and brought it into the premier position.

Most of the Nelthropp watches being old have necessarily the verge escapement, the original vertical escapement such as appears in the famous clock with the iron works made by the blacksmith De Vick. This clock was placed on the royal palace at Paris in 1370 or thereabouts, and on its bell it will be remembered, some two hundred years afterwards, was given the signal for the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

The verge did its work well enough for ordinary purposes, but gradually came to be looked upon as useless for accurate time-keeping owing to the recoil of the escape wheel and other causes. But to improve upon it was not easy. Hooke, who did so much for horology, tried his hand at the task in vain, as did many others, and it was not until 1700 that George Graham, Tompion's apprentice, improving on an idea of his master's, brought out the horizontal or cylinder escapement, such as is now in use in Swiss and many other watches. Graham also invented the dead-beat escapement used in clocks, so that in both time measures he put an end to the recoil difficulty. The well-finished specimen of his work at Guildhall has an outer case of tortoiseshell and is dated 1751, the year of his burial by the side of his friend and master.

Fifty-four years after the invention of the horizontal, Thomas Mudge invented the lever, which might be described as Graham's dead-beat escapement applied to the conditions of a watch; but curiously enough the only example of Mudge's handiwork at Guildhall is an extremely fine verge. After the lever came the chronometer spring-detent invented by Le Roy about 1765 and improved into practical use by Earnshaw and Arnold. Le Roy is also represented by a verge, or rather by two verges, one of which has an adjusting rack for the pivot of the escape wheel, the other being a repeater with a beautifully enamelled dial. Arnold is represented by one of his own chronometer escapements in which the balance has three platinum arms. There is only one of Earnshaw's own escapements on view, and that is in a chronometer of Barraud's which has a nipper-shaped compensation bar.

There are two watches in the collection which have the odd-looking escapement, invented by Enderlin before 1740, introduced in England about the Waterloo time, in which the arms of a semicircle strike on pins that project from each side of the escape wheel. In a certain sense this might be called a duplex, but the



FIG. 4.



FIG. 5.

real duplex, introduced about 1780 and now rarely used, had one set of teeth to lock the wheel like those of a lever, and the other standing up from the rim to give impulse to the balance. There is a duplex at Guildhall



FIG. 6.

which has a most ingenious and elaborate compensation coil that was probably unique. The amount of work in it is remarkable.

There was a good deal of work in a watch when it had to be made by hand, and a good deal of thought, too, when each watch was intended to be an improvement on its predecessor. Hence, the movement being valuable, it was thought worthy of

an elaborate case. Perhaps the best show of watches from the case point of view is in the British Museum, where several collections, such as those by Lady Fellows and Mr. Octavius Morgan, are grouped together. Of some of these quaint old time-keepers we have illustrations.

It took some time for the watch to settle down into a circular case. In fig. 1 is an old German watch of 1525, in which the case is octagonal and not engraved; in fig. 2 we have a watch of 1550 which is in a case shaped like a book. Fig. 3 gives us a French watch in the shape of a cross. It was made by Jean Rousseau about 1580, and is quite an article of jewellery, the case being of thick crystal cut into facets. There is another crystal case in the collection which is in the shape of an apple-snail.



FIG. 7.

One of the watches, fig. 4, is a Dutch one in the form of a tulip; another, fig. 5, of English make dated 1580, like one at Guildhall, is apparently in the form of the snake's head, our liliaceous wild-flower, better known as the fritillary from its purple-chequered blossoms making it resemble a *fritillus* or dice-box. In fig. 6 we have a Flemish watch

made at Clermont about 1595. It bears a coat of arms and is boldly engraved, the subject being a woman and two children which admirably fill the oval frame. A smaller oval watch we have in fig. 7, where



FIG. 8.

the case is of rock-crystal and beautifully ornamented.

In fig. 8 we have an oval watch of more elaborate construction. It has a time dial and an astronomical dial, and was made in London by W. North in 1600. Fig. 9 gives us a change from the scientific to the morbid, as introduced out of compliment to Diana of Poitiers, who was a widow. Here a skull has been deemed a fitting shape for a time-measure; it is the motto of the sundial put into a concrete form. Fig. 10 is an elaborate oval watch which was found in the Tower ditch. It is fitted with an alarm, and was evidently a costly piece of work. In fig. 11 we get a nearer approach to our modern ideas of what a watch should be, though it is of not much later date than the last. The interest in the oval watch given in fig. 12 is due to its being said to have belonged to Oliver Cromwell. In the same group is a watch having JOANNI MILTONI in plain bold letters on the dial, which is said to have belonged to John Milton, and which, according to the story, seems, like that poet's paradise, to have been both lost and regained.



FIG. 9.

It will be noticed that all these watches have but one hand. The reason is that they are all prior to Robert Hooke's invention of the hair spring in 1658. Once that improvement was made, it became easy to introduce extra wheels to mark the minutes and seconds as well. Who invented the mainspring is, as we have said, not known, though Hele of Nuremberg generally gets the credit of it, from his having used it in the pocket clocks known as eggs that he was making in his native city about 1500. The inventor of the fusee introduced between 1520 and 1530 is also unknown, but the chain which took the place of the catgut that wound round it was introduced by Gruet of Geneva in 1665. Since it was discovered that by using a very long thin mainspring, only a portion of which was required for the day's work, the power could be kept fairly equal during the twenty-four hours, the fusee, and with it the chain, have gone out of fashion, and they are seldom present in modern keyless watches.



FIG. 10.

The watch trade has passed through four periods. In the first, one man made the whole watch; in the next, different parts were made by his apprentices and workmen, all working together under one roof; in the next the trade

became specialised into branches, the different parts being made by different firms—the balance by one firm, the wheels by another, the erection of the movement, so to speak, by another, the case by another, and the completion by another who put his name to the whole. This sort of thing is going on now, but to a lesser extent every year, for machinery is coming in fast, and the factory system is bringing all the workers together again under one roof.



FIG. 11.

Of watches, as made by machinery, we have already had something to say in the article on Coventry, in our last volume. It was Coventry that introduced the machine-made watch, but the first factory established there, in 1847, was a failure owing to the smallness of the demand. The idea was then taken up by the Americans with the Coventry tools, but three millions sterling were sunk before the enterprise showed any sign of profit. As soon as America began to export watches, Switzerland felt the competition, and in self-defence took to the factory system. This forced the English watchmakers to bestir themselves, and in 1872 Coventry, leading the way, made its second attempt with machinery; and success being at last attained at Rotherham's, other factories started in the town and at Prescott, Birmingham, and elsewhere, so that most of our watches are now machine-made.

We wonder what old Tompion would think if he were to visit a watch factory, particularly an American one. We can fancy his look of amazement at the great sheets of brass and steel being cut and rolled into ribbons, and punched out into wheels at the rate of ten thousand a day from each punching machine. But the smaller machinery would probably suit him better. Girls drilling the thirty-one holes in

the roof of the watch as fast as they can count, other girls countersinking the holes almost as quickly. Brass wire gliding into a machine that measures off the length of a pillar, turns it, puts a screw thread on each end, and actually screws it in at the rate of two thousand pillars a day. And then the screws, made so small that for their measurement in sizes it is necessary to divide the tenth of a millimetre into halves. Of some of them you can put fifty gross into a thimble, of others there are a thousand gross to a pound. Balances cut from the solid steel, ground down, worked up and drilled with their twenty-five screw holes apiece at the rate of a hundred wheels a day from each machine. Wheels having their teeth cut, a couple of dozen at a time, some of them with from sixty or even eighty teeth all finished complete at the rate of twelve hundred wheels a day from each operation. Even of the complete watch a girl will set up ready for trial as many as nine an hour.

Watches built at this rate must necessarily be cheap. You sell them wholesale at a few shillings each, and reckon your profit on the fractional surplus when you have sold a gross. And yet what a wonderful machine a watch is, even a cheap one! It is the most trusted of human inventions. Glanced at for a moment, neglected for hours, it continues its regular persistent beat week in week out for years and years. Think of what the work done by a watch amounts to! For example, the writer has just sent an English lever for repair of which the hairspring has swung backwards and forwards in steady vibration more than five thousand eight hundred and seventy million times.



FIG. 12.

A NIGHTMARE STORY.

WHEN I told my old friend Mrs. Potter-Brown of Birmingham that I had taken my passage for Canada by New York on the Cunard Liner *Neuralgia* I saw her thoughts wander. She continued, however, to impress on me the superiority of the White Star Line, and to try to disarrange all my plans. But I knew there was something behind. Out it came. "You won't mind taking a little toy for Emma's child? Just a little

parcel; it won't take much room, and I should like her to get it through you."

Now Mrs. Potter-Brown's daughter lived in Georgia, and even my vague geography could not closely connect that State with Upper Canada. My cabin trunk too was full to bursting, and my three hold trunks were already nailed down. I thought, however, that for old friendship's sake I might squeeze in a small packet weighing perhaps a few ounces.

"Oh! certainly, I'll take it," I said.

In the bustle and hurry of the next few days I forgot all about Mrs. Potter-Brown's toy. I suddenly remembered it when the *Neuralgia* was plunging down the Mersey, and I went to look for my cabin. Raucous cries in broad Scotch issued from it, and reminded me that I was to share it with a Mrs. Mac something.

"She'll just *hev' tae tak' it away, man*. There's nut room for hurr and hit in yin berrth." I squeezed into the cabin, and gazed aghast at the upper berth. *My berth, alas! No. 113.* It was filled by a crate nearly a yard square, which plainly contained a wooden horse on rockers, just such a horse as one can buy in the Lowther Arcade for 6s. 6d. A letter for me in Mrs. Potter-Brown's handwriting dangled from the crate.

"Aye ahm reel gled ye've come," said my human stable-companion. "Ye'll no get muckle sleep wi' yon horrse in yeer berrth."

I turned to the steward who was blocking up the doorway. "What on earth did you put it there for?"

"Well, madam, Mrs. McPhie couldn't unpack while it stood on the floor."

"No, of course not. It mustn't stay here at all. It must go below."

The steward said he had particular directions to put it in my berth, and protested that he had no time to look after horses; it wasn't his work, etc. At this moment, the steamer, which had gradually become unsteady, gave a frightful lurch, electric bells rang from all quarters, and frantic cries of "Steward! Steward!" caused his disappearance. Mrs. McPhie continued to argue and question. "What a like beast tae bring intae a cabin! If ye must hev' a beastie, why did ye no bring a live canary in a cage? It could hev' swung aboot, and been company tae a body—but yon horrse—!"

I tried to explain. "It isn't my horse," I began. Here a horrible feeling overcame me. I gasped and clutched the berth-rail. When the crisis was over, I found that my companion had wedged the horse into my berth so that there was just room for me to double up on the other half.

"Ye'd better get in and lie still a bit. The horrse 'll no say cheep the noo, and when yeer better we'll get yon have'n' steward-man tae tak' him awa'!"

An awful day and night followed. Let those who remember their first sea-sickness fill in the blanks, plus the rocking-horse. I am very short, fortunately, so by doubling up my knees and planting both feet firmly on the crate, I managed to avoid ejection from the berth. My great fear was that the crate would get dislodged during the pitching and rolling of the vessel. And on the second night it came to pass. I woke suddenly to the consciousness of unusual space in the berth and unusual noise in the cabin. Cracking, ear-splitting noise, and above all Mrs. McPhie's broadest Scotch in random expostulation with something. I

stretched my cramped legs, then drew them up, lifted my aching head, turned on the electric light, and looked down. The steamer was still rolling heavily, and with every roll the crate banged to and fro between the lower berth and the sofa opposite. Surely it was coming to pieces as it rattled about among the dislodged boots and hairbrushes and—yes, my best hat! A long-feathered "picture" hat, quite new, which I had (I thought) securely fastened on a hook in my berth, meaning to come up smiling in it when the steamer arrived at New York. Alas! crushed, battered, torn, it lay prostrate under the crate; and through the broken bars I could see a wicked gleam of malicious triumph in the horse's wooden face.

"Merrcy me!" came from the night-capped head protruding from the berth below. "He's an awfae beast thon. Whatever possessed ye tae bring him?"

"Oh don't," I cried hysterically. "I didn't bring him, I *found* him."

"Well—ye'll hev' tae dae something wi' um," said she quite calmly, as with a tremendous crack another bar of the crate gave way, and the horse looked out still more complacently. One cannot leap from an upper berth, especially when just recovering from sea-sickness, but I almost crushed Mrs. McPhie's head in my haste to get down. As I put my foot on the ground I gave a loud yell of anguish. A long nail sticking up from a loosened spar of the crate had run into my foot. I sat on the horse's head, dangled my bleeding foot on the battered remains of my three-guinea hat, clung to the edge of Mrs. McPhie's berth, and wept unrestrainedly.

Next day as I was crawling back from the deck, the doctor came up to ask for my bandaged foot. "I'll dress it again to-morrow," he said; "mind you make her take care of it, Mrs. McPhie." The Scotch lady was leaning on a railing, intently gazing at the lowering of something into the hold. "My! but it's an awfae drap doon for yon horrse, after sleepin' in yeer berrth," she remarked as the crate swung round slowly on the swivel.

On landing, a letter was waiting from my sister to say that she and her husband were unable to come from Toronto to meet me at New York as intended. She begged me if possible to come straight on by the night train. I determined to catch the train that night. It was half-past five when we landed. Having at last "passed" my luggage, I came on my Mrs. McPhie standing over her still unexamined trunks, and declaiming against bribery and corruption. When she saw me, "Where's the horrse?" she asked.

"Oh! the brute," I cried. "I had forgotten him entirely. I don't care where he is. I won't stay—I'm not going to lose my train to Toronto—all for that horrid—" then I stopped. Remembrances crowded on me of the repeated kindness and hospitality of the Potter-Browns. Yes: I *must* hunt for that wretched horse, even

if I missed the night train. There was still an hour to spare, however, and I tipped a nigger porter a dollar, to help me in hunting for the crate. I promised him another dollar if we found it in time for the train to Canada. We hunted desperately, first through all the cabin luggage, much of it as yet unsorted and unclaimed. Then we plunged into the indescribable wilderness of steerage belongings. Crates there were indeed, and more than once I thought I had run my horse to earth, only to be disappointed when the nigger flashed his lantern on the label. I appealed despairingly to a friendly steward of the *Neuralgia*.

"I remember your horse, ma'am," he said, smiling. "I believe he's still in the steamer, and I think I know just where he's likely to be."

"Oh! can't you get him out now?" I cried, looking wildly at my watch.

"Not to-night, ma'am. Come back to-morrow morning and I'll help you." He was resolute, and anyhow it was now too late to catch the night train, unless I could have flown across New York untrammelled by luggage. So there was nothing for it but to go to an hotel until to-morrow.

Next day, not caring to go mad in solving the mysterious "Elevated Railroad," I recklessly took another two-dollar cab from the Murray Hill Hotel to the *Neuralgia*. My nigger was looking out for me, and I followed him on board. We soon came on the kindly steward smoking comfortably on--my veritable crate at last!

"Can you send it from here to Georgia?" I asked eagerly.

"No, ma'am. You must take it to Number 2040 Broadway."

"Oh! can't you send it from here?" I repeated, almost crying, watch in hand. The nigger suddenly brightened. "Express-man, sah," he suggested, pointing to a check-laden individual getting out of a van. To him I ran and, quite reckless now as to dollars, bribed the thing off my hands at last. As I saw it drive off among a pile of luggage I suddenly felt about ten years younger. Perhaps I looked it. Anyhow, the captain of the *Neuralgia*, who came along as I was joyfully waving adieu to the departing horse, stopped to ask after my foot. He was so sympathetic and pleasant that I told him the tale of the rocking horse.

He roared with genial laughter. "I'm fifty years of age," he said, "but it's only within the last half-dozen years that my friends have

ceased to burden me with commissions. Only since I've been Captain, in fact. But I soon learnt a way of getting rid of the parcels."

"What did you do?" I asked inquisitively. I really longed to know. "Did you say no, if you were asked to carry a crate?"

He laughed. "Not much. A man's too weak for that. Besides, it wouldn't have paid me. No—I took everything, and sent my man round with them to the nearest parcel office, from which they went off to Jacky, and Jenny, and Tommy, in New Zealand or China, Vancouver or Florida. You try that plan next time," he said. "Good-bye."

I am very accurate in money matters, and in my account-book, for the month of October 189-, against the item, "Expenses of rocking-horse 32 dollars 75 cents," there is the following note of details:

	Dollars	Cents
Murray Hill Hotel, one day . . .	5	0
3 cabs at 2 dollars each . . .	6	0
Carriage Birmingham to Liverpool . .	0	50
Steamer wharf and Custom House tips .	4	75
Carriage New York to Georgia . . .	1	50
Doctor's fee on steamer . . .	5	0
Damages to three-guinea hat, say . .	10	0
Total	32	75

Thirty-two dollars seventy-five cents = £6 11s. expended on account of a toy that cost 6s. 6d. in the shop! And how many more dollars and weary hours may have been spent on it before it came to rest in its Georgian nursery?

For several years I hastily changed the subject when rocking-horses were mentioned. Of late, however, the impression of my *Neuralgia* nightmare has faded, and yesterday I was merely amused and interested when casually reminded of it. I was in the New Oxford Street Post-Office, when I noticed a brown and ruddy sailor stagger in overweighted with parcels. He looked about in a distracted way, and then, coming close to me, stood parleying with the official behind the counter. I was almost certain I heard the words "Hang commissions," then "One shilling a pound to Hong Kong? Well I don't care if it's 10s. a pound, so long as I get rid of the confounded things." Almost involuntarily my eye caught the addresses on the parcels. One was for Hong Kong, another for Siam, and a third for Japan. And on each was written "Favoured by the second officer of the s.s. *Botany Bay*."

B. A. S.

STRANGE HABITATIONS.



FIG. 1.—A ROBIN'S NEST IN COLLINGBOURNE CHURCH.

BIRDS often exhibit strange vagaries in the matter of nesting. The idea that they always select places of seclusion receives no confirmation in the cases that I am bringing before my readers, and the instances given may be taken as typical of a large number which are unrecorded. Readers of papers like the "Field" and "Land and Water" have every year instances of the strange choice birds make in placing their nests. Take the case of a bird (a swallow, I believe it was) which built at the top of a windmill, and had to make its way through the opening which received the crank of the revolving wheel, and who placed its nest in such a position inside, that as the top of the mill turned with the change of wind, the bird was constantly finding its nest in a fresh position; or that of a sparrow, which built under a railway truck and did not desert its nest as the waggon made its journey to and fro. It

would be idle to speculate why such positions as these were chosen when so many more likelier spots were to hand. One can only assume that the birds who selected such sites imagined that they had secured the most eligible ones.

Or take the case of the sparrows (fig. 5) who hatched and reared five young ones on the gun-carriage of an old bronze nine-pounder, which was fired twice a day on Woolwich Common. This appears to be subversive of one's ideas of birds' habits, for the constant discharge of a gun, as we know, will effectually banish birds from a garden; and yet these sparrows put up with the tremendous report twice a day without having their nervous system shattered. These birds would have sat through an earthquake or a volcanic eruption.

Then the chaffinches who built in the block of a vessel which was lying at Greenock; and though the block was used during the run to Glasgow, the hen bird only left her nest for food. This was either a case of making the best of a bad job, or living down an error of judgment.

Robins we expect to be sociable, and so they are so far as coming into rooms in search of food, and hopping down between one's feet in the garden when one is digging. But here we have a couple (fig. 1) who not only laid eggs in the reading desk at Collingbourne Kingston Church, but reared their young, bringing food to them even while the congregation were assembled, a proceeding calculated to take the attention of the younger members of the congregation, and quite upset the school children. A bird flying about the roof of a church I have known to attract a good deal of notice, but to see robins feeding their young during service was sufficient to make the old clerk clear them out, nest and eggs.

Post-boxes have long been favourite nesting-places with the tits, and it is an easy thing to induce these birds to build in boxes fastened against walls or buildings. But the great tit

who built in the letter-box now exhibited in South Kensington Museum had a good deal to put up with, and was only driven away by an avalanche of ha'penny circulars sent out by an enterprising shopkeeper, which were one day

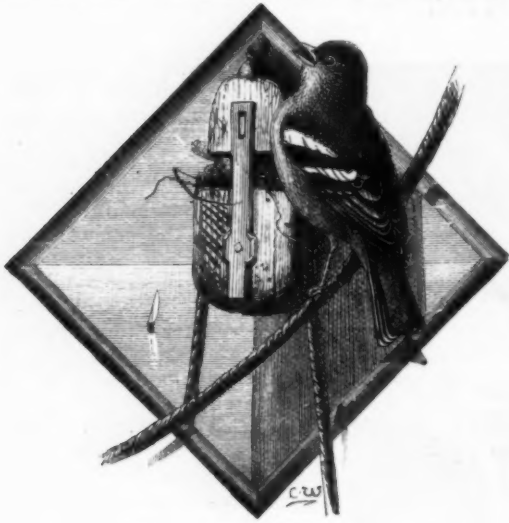


FIG. 2.—A CHAFFINCH'S NEST.

dropped upon her, completely filling the box and burying the bird for the time being. Three years running was this box chosen by pert tits, but only in the third year was a brood reared (fig. 3).



FIG. 3.—A TIT'S NEST IN A LETTER-BOX.

The late J. G. Wood claims for these birds that they appreciated the size of the slit—large enough for them, but too small for the cat! He it was too who recorded the case of a blue tit, which built under the edge of the platform at

Shrivenham Station, and remained on the nest even during the passing of express trains.

In choosing the site for a nest in a garden, birds will frequently select a very public part of the garden, where people are constantly passing, and where the whole of the birds' *ménage* is made public—a want of modesty, eh? A pair of fly-catchers built just over the window of one of my rooms, resting their nest in an ivy stem against the wall. When the young ones were hatched we often amused ourselves by watching the old birds fly to and fro every few minutes with insects to feed their ever-hungry young ones; and when they knew we saw them

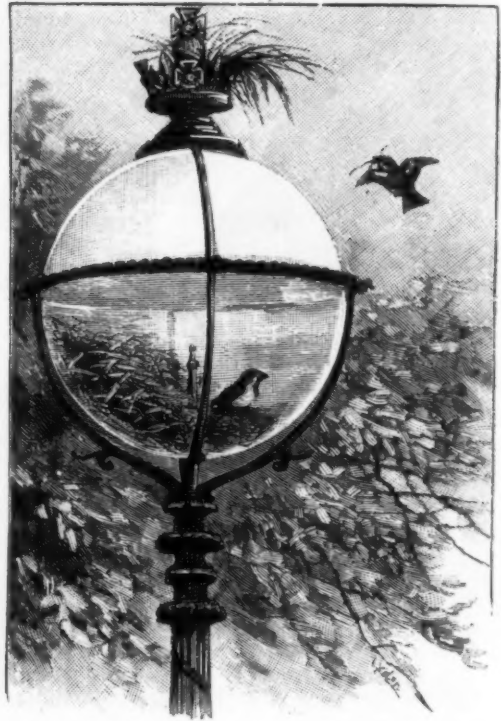


FIG. 4.—A SPARROW'S NEST ON THE THAMES EMBANKMENT, WHERE THE LAMP WAS LIGHTED AND PUT OUT EACH DAY.

the birds would alight on the top of the case-ment, and appear to deliberate as to whether they ought to continue their family duties while we looked at them. But the four youngsters grew, and one morning when I went to look at them, old and young had flown. It is certainly true that birds do in the vast majority of cases take some pains either to conceal their nests or else place them in some inaccessible position; and those birds, like the stone-curlew and goat-sucker, who deposit their eggs without the slightest preparation of the soil on which they rest, trust to the colouring of their eggs, which so exactly match their surroundings, to escape discovery, though the birds are most careful in selecting the spot almost to an inch. The magpie, as though conscious of his own thievish habits, surrounds his nest with thorns, while a Mexican bird always nests in one of the most

prickly of the cactuses growing in the sandy wastes. Some of the foreign warblers invariably lay a piece of snake's slough in their nests—to repel, it has been suggested, marauding

nest in the hoof of what may have been a fiery steed (fig. 7) was only less unique in its taste. The old hats which are stuck up in fields to scare away birds have often been chosen by them to

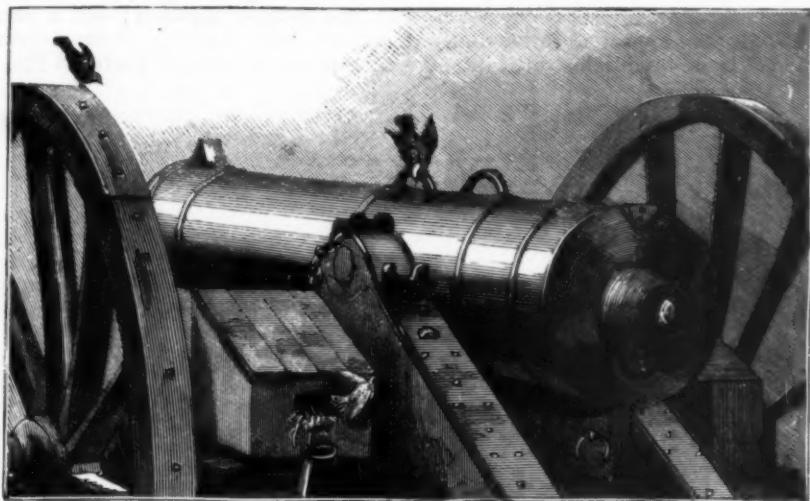


FIG. 5.—A SPARROW'S NEST IN A BRONZE NINE-FOUNDER, WHICH WAS FIRED TWICE A DAY.

lizards, a proceeding which, for its wilfulness, indicates that these birds have advanced in the ways of the world. The habitations of the hornbills are certainly strange, for the male birds build their wives in with mud, leaving only an opening through which to feed them, which the male birds do with assiduous attention.

Among the examples of strange nesting-places in the Natural History Museum, none

nest in, but it is not often that a skull or a hoof comes in the way, but when they do it is only right that an adventurous bird should patronise them. The empty coffee-tin in which the wheatear built at Winchester (fig. 8) is comparatively commonplace after the other two habitations.

The autumn and winter reveal the nesting-places of many birds which are not visible when the trees and hedgerows are in leaf.



FIG. 6.—A CAPE WAGTAIL'S NEST IN A SKULL.

are more curiously infelicitous than that of the Cape wagtail, which built its nest in a skull (fig. 6), possibly that of some native who was of no account. The fly-catcher which built its

Birds which build very early in the spring display their nests to every passer-by, as was the case with a thrush which had built in an oak bush close to the ground. I could watch the bird

on its nest, when I first found it; but by the time the nestlings were a week old the bush had come into leaf, and the nest, which was at first quite exposed, was finally hidden in the young growth, so that I could hardly see it.

Sparrows are perhaps the most accommodating of all birds, for they appear to thrive under every condition. It is essentially the bird of

Embankment (fig. 4). They were disturbed, however, before the eggs were laid. Pigeons which have set up housekeeping on their own account without consulting their owners, are found nesting among the statues over the porch of the British Museum; but a pair of wood-pigeons built for two or three years in Park Square at the end of Portland Place, which is



FIG. 7.—A FLY-CATCHER'S NEST IN A HORSE'S HOOF.



FIG. 8.—A WHEATEAR'S NEST IN A COFFEE-TIN.

towns, and might be termed the fauna of London. Its very plumage has accommodated itself to its city environment, and by the side of its country cousins is quite dark in colouring, even when the soot is washed off. At the Five Bells Tavern at Fulham a pair built and reared the young in a large fungus growing out of the bark of an elm-tree, forming a kind of sandwich, with the nestlings as the meat. This nest (fig. 9) is now in the Natural History Museum. A pair also built in a street lamp on the Thames

another instance of how the environment alters the habits of birds, as this bird in the country is distinctly shy. Rooks still build in the plane-trees in the Marylebone Road, and I remember, when as a boy I walked down that road every morning, with what interest I used to watch the progress these aerial architects made. It gave me a glimpse of the country which in those days I knew so little about, and yet always longed to know.

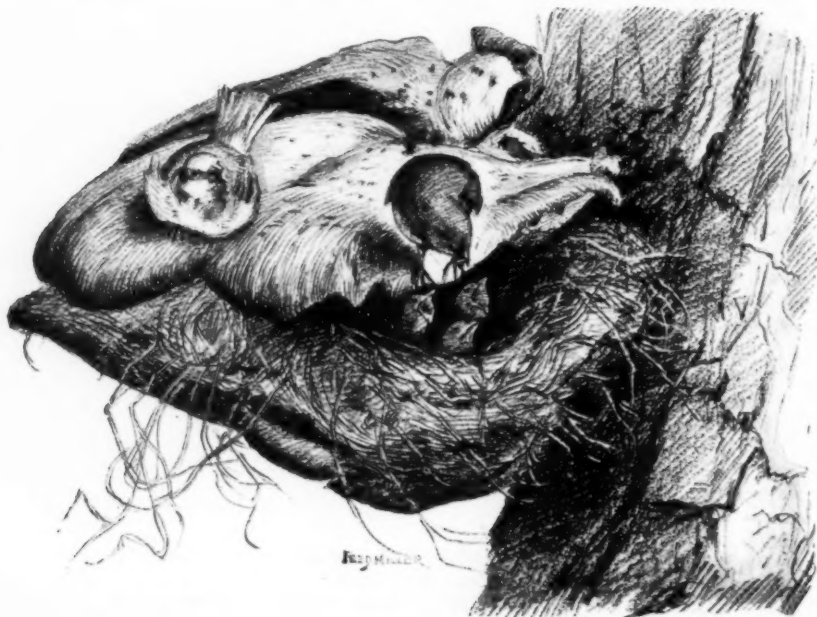


FIG. 9.—A SPARROW'S NEST IN A FUNGUS GROWTH.

GARIBALDI AND THE WELSH CAPTAIN.

SINCE writing the paper on "St. George's Cottages, Barmouth," which appeared some months since in "The Leisure Hour," an incident has been brought to my notice concerning the tenant of one of the cottages. It seems to me that it may interest readers of the former paper.

The other day, on my return to Barmouth from a visit, I went to see the widow of the old man who used to go by the name of "Garibaldi." I found her in great delight over the honour of having her cottage and her husband mentioned in "The Leisure Hour"—delight tempered that day by the doleful history of a smoky chimney. The weather had been almost ceaselessly rough, and the poor old lady's troubles and discomfort had been great. "This used to be the best house in Barmouth for smoking," she said plaintively, "but I don't know what has come to it. Yesterday when I sat here I couldn't see Mr. Ruskin and John Bunyan, and the jugs were all quite black."

It is hard to say whether the portraits of the Professor and the Bedfordshire tinker on her walls—or the endless number of jugs of all shapes and colours which hang from a beam in the ceiling—are dearest to "Mrs. Garibaldi's" heart.

When I had heard all about the smoke, and had sympathised sufficiently, and had further been duly complimented upon my share in the article which did honour to her beloved cottage, the old woman suddenly exclaimed, "I wish you could read Welsh! I've had a book sent to me with an account of my brother in it, and it's grand." Then she showed me a little Welsh Magazine—"The Vineyard," being translated; and pointed out to me an article entitled "General Garibaldi and the Welsh Captain," by the Rev. Mr. Pritchard, adorned by a portrait of her brother, Captain Lewis. "It is all true," she went on eagerly. "My brother has told me all about it many a time, sitting in that very chair."

The coincidence struck me as unusually curious that the *brother* of the old lady, whose husband had been called "Garibaldi" because of his blue eyes and long white beard, and fancied resemblance to the Italian hero, and whose little Welsh cottage is known as "Caprera," should actually have been the means of rescuing the real Garibaldi in an hour of desperate peril. I asked a friend to translate the story for me, and give it here as briefly as possible.

Captain Lewis, of Port Madoc, who is described as a rough, outspoken, but kind-hearted seaman, had one day landed his cargo at an Italian port (unfortunately no dates nor names of places are given), and was preparing to sail

away in his brig, the *Confidence*, when he noticed a man in evident distress and anxiety, standing on the quay, and gazing wistfully at the little ship which was about to depart. The man was tall, and of imposing presence; but he was bareheaded, drops of perspiration poured down his face, his clothes were stained with blood and soil, and he wore the expression of a hunted animal. All at once the eyes of the stranger rested upon the name which was painted on the bows of the ship, and coming nearer he spelt the letters out aloud, *C-O-N-F-I-D-E-N-C-E*.

"Is that the name of your vessel?" he asked the captain.

"Yes."

"Can I have confidence in you?" said the man in a voice of pathetic entreaty.

"Who and what are you?" was naturally the question of the Welsh captain, and his surprise was great when the simple answer came, "I am Garibaldi, and my life is in instant danger unless I can escape from this spot."

With the rest of the world, the Welshman had heard of Garibaldi's heroic efforts to free his country; and all the enthusiasm of his generous nature sympathised with the patriot's cause. He bade Garibaldi come on board, and, weighing anchor with all possible speed, sailed away.

Both men knew that the danger was not over. It was necessary to hide the fugitive; and an old sail which was lying at the bottom of the ship suggested a safe place. The hero was rolled up in the heavy folds ("Mrs. Garibaldi" illustrated the incident to me with her apron), and such measures as were possible in the circumstances were taken to provide him with air, and make the weight of the sail as bearable as possible. These precautions had only been completed, when Captain Lewis saw that he was pursued by a Government cruiser. It was useless to attempt to escape, and first bidding his men to assume an air of careless indifference, he slackened speed, and calmly inquired what he was wanted for. The cruiser came alongside the brig; the officer in command stepped on board the *Confidence*, and demanded with authority to know if the Captain had any fugitives on board; to which Captain Lewis answered with perfect calmness that he might satisfy himself on that point by searching the ship.

Almost two hours the officer and his men spent in a fruitless search. More than once the old sail which lay at the bottom of the ship was trampled upon; and once some one proposed to unfold it. "No one could live down here under all that weight!" was the reply—and the

worst danger was over. The cruiser steamed away; the *Confidence* sailed gaily on with a fair wind.

It was the intention of Captain Lewis to make for the nearest British waters (whether Malta or Gibraltar, history does not say), where he knew his precious charge would be safe. But before this could be accomplished, his pluck was once more put to the test. The cruiser was seen to be again in pursuit of him; and Captain Lewis, after ignoring for some time the signal to stop, seeing that it was impossible to outstrip the steamer, gave orders to tack, and sailed boldly straight for the enemy. As he had hoped, this manœuvre disarmed the pursuer. It was impossible to suppose that the Welsh captain would run into danger if the fugitive was on board his vessel; and the cruiser steamed off without delay.

But now Captain Lewis became the aggressor, and sailing up within ear-shot of the enemy, he thundered out in a voice of furious anger his indignation at the interference and delay he had been subjected to, and declared his intention of reporting the matter at the first port he

reached. Then the little *Confidence* sailed triumphantly away, and in due time was safely floating in British waters.

Side by side on the narrow deck stood the Italian general and the Welsh seaman.

"Are you not Welsh?" asked Garibaldi.

"Yes, to the last drop of my blood!" was the answer.

"What can I give you for saving my life? I have no money," said the fugitive, "but I have rich friends in England."

"I want nothing," answered the Welshman; "I am proud to have had the chance of helping Garibaldi."

"At least, let me give you this in remembrance of what you have done for me," said Garibaldi, taking the scarf from his neck; and Captain Lewis accepted it with the words—"I would rather have this than twenty sovereigns."

And the scarf is kept to this day, under a glass case, by the widow of Captain Lewis, at Port Madoc, in remembrance at once of the famous Italian hero, and of the courage, coolness, and trustworthiness of the Welsh captain.

CURIOSITIES OF WORDS

READERS of the "Ancient Mariner" will want to hear what light the new dictionary can throw upon the name of the albatross. It would be very little if the exhaustive search upon which it is based had not revealed an earlier and now extinct name for a bird of the same kind, *Alcatras*. A link between the two is found in *Algotross*, a form current in the seventeenth century. *Albatross* itself has been in use less than 150 years. *Alcatras* is an alteration of another Portuguese word, *alcatraz*, which means "the bucket of a wheel for raising water." This, again, is from an Arabic word with the same meaning, the *al* being the Arabic article as in *algebra*, *alchemy*, etc. Probably the Arabs of Spain applied this name to the Pelican from the notion that it filled its large bill with water to carry it to the young at a distance. To this day the Arabs call the pelican by a name which means "the water-carrier." From the pelican the name was transferred to the Frigate-bird, another large sea-bird, and so to the one to which it now belongs.

Fudge probably came into the language a little more than a hundred years ago. For a long while it was supposed to have originated in Mr. Burchell's very rude exclamation in the "Vicar of Wakefield." Another probable source has recently come to light. It appears that there was many years ago a sea-captain named Fudge, who regularly brought home a

crop of lying reports, hence a *fudge* was equivalent to a deceit. Many of our readers may know the word as a surname, for it is still found in various localities, though individuals bearing it have, to avoid opprobrium, dropped the *d* and called themselves *Fuge*.

Daffodil, daffodilly, daffadowndilly, is an example of how people play with words in their speech. A plain Englishman will perhaps decline to recognise the original word *asphodel*, but that it undoubtedly was in a Greek shape, meaning a plant of the lily order, whose leaves were eagerly eaten by cattle. Early English herbalists of the sixteenth century knew it as *affodill*. Somehow or other, and about the same time, it grew a *d* on in front, some say in Holland, as the Dutchman would say *de affodill* for the *affodill*. *Daffodilly* comes naturally enough, and the tendency to double and treble a sound that catches the ear produces *daffadowndilly*. The senses in their application display as much caprice as the forms. The first sense is given above; next we find it used in English for the whole tribe of Narcissus, to which the common White Narcissus of our gardens belongs; but its use as a name for the single flower called *Lent Lily*, and the double yellow which we call simply *Daffodil*, is quite as early as either of the above. The Fritillary, or snake's head, of the Oxford meadows was also formerly called *Chequered Daffodil*, and is still called in Hampshire simply *Daffodil*.

burden. In fact, the bargain has several times been nearly struck ; and several times the States have been on the point of declaring war owing to the treatment served out to the revolutionists and their American sympathisers. It is curious that the first acquisitions recommended by the Lone Star secret society, founded in 1848 for "the extension of the institutions, power, influence, and commerce of the United States over the whole of the western hemisphere and the islands of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans," were to be Cuba and the Sandwich Islands.

Cuba is the native name. Columbus called it Juana, after the son of Ferdinand and Isabella, and it has been Fernandina, and Santiago ; but the old name has proved as persistent as the failure of the Spaniards to keep the place in order. The first capital was Baracoa, at the eastern end, where the first Cuban cathedral was built in 1518. Five years afterwards the capital was transferred to Santiago, about a hundred miles off, and from Santiago it was removed to Havana, which was founded in 1519.

Havana, "more Spanish than Spain," has had a troubled history ; it has been captured four times already—twice by Frenchmen in its early days, once by Morgan and his buccaneers, and once by the British under Admiral Pococke and the Duke of Albemarle in 1762, to be restored to Spain by the Treaty of Paris in the following year. This was its most important capture, and it was at least a profitable enterprise, for the prize-money amounted to over 3,000,000*l.* ; but it was not an easy business, the castle of El Morro alone requiring a siege of six weeks or more.

The bay or harbour of Havana has been called a vast cesspool ; it has been the receptacle for the local sewage ever since the city was founded by Diego Columbus. Owing to this state of things the yellow fever flourishes increasingly, and the death rate is so high that as a health resort Havana is only recommended to annuitants. Practically the harbour is a large lake fed by half a dozen streams, and only communicating with the sea by a narrow channel, half a mile long. Facing the lake and on the western shore of the channel is the city, the entrance from the sea being defended by El Morro on the east point and La Punta on the west. When the British besieged the place in 1762, a chain was stretched across from one of these forts to the other, and doubtless something of the kind would be done again. And from each of these bases a line of fortifications was thrown up right and left, just as we understand the Spaniards have been doing to-day eastwards to Cojimar and westwards to the Chorrera River.

The island has about a million and a half inhabitants, there being double as many whites and browns as negroes, and ten times as many negroes as there are Chinese. Havana before the recent troubles had 200,000 people. It is much the largest town ; Santiago has but 70,000, Puerto Principe 45,000, Matanzas 30,000, the four or five other centres of population ranging down to 20,000. From end to end Cuba measures about 760 miles, and on the average it is sixty miles wide, though in the east the width reaches ninety miles. Of its 2,000 miles of coastline quite two-thirds are so beset with reefs and shoals as

to be unapproachable by ships ; and everywhere the low-lying shores are subject to floods and haunted by fever and ague. Down the middle of the island runs a backbone, of slight elevation towards the west, throwing off short rivers north and south, and rising to mountainous proportions in the east, where in the Sierra de Maestra it reaches 8,400 feet. This high ground is much healthier than the coast, and were it not for the constant rains, frequent earthquakes, and occasional hurricanes, would be delightful for habitation.

Half the island is uncleared forest, and large tracts of it are still unexplored. The chief produce of the cultivated portions is sugar and tobacco, both introduced in 1580. In its most prosperous year Cuba has exported 865,000 tons of sugar, 240,000 bales of tobacco, and 250,000,000 cigars, mostly to the United States. A good deal of British and American money is invested in the plantations and mines. Little, however, has been done to develop the island's mineral wealth, which is apparently great, for 180,000 tons of iron ore have been shipped to the States in a single year.

There are railways in Cuba, about a thousand miles of them. Most of them belong to British companies, but by some curious oversight they are all but one in a network in the west ; and that one runs from Moron on the north coast to Jucaro on the south, and along it General Weyler strung his "trocha" of barbed wire fencing, which gave the east of the island over to the insurgents. There is not even a road from Havana to Santiago, the only practical communication between the capital and the eastern provinces being by coasting steamer. The railway shown on the maps is the one that ought to be there, but as yet is not, and in many other respects, social, municipal, and political, the Pearl of the Antilles has been conspicuously an island of good intentions.

Hayti, halfway between Cuba and Porto Rico is about 400 miles long and 100 miles wide. It is the Hispaniola of Columbus, and is now divided into two independent republics, Hayti in the west and Santo Domingo in the east. Once, like the rest, it belonged to Spain, who, as in Cuba, soon cleared it of its natives. Within one generation there was not one left, and the negroes, whose descendants now hold it, began to be imported into it as slaves in 1505. The Spaniards lost it in 1697, when it was ceded to France by the peace of Ryswick. In 1791 it revolted from the French, who ten years afterwards tried to recover it in vain, though they treacherously captured and deported its insurgent leader, Toussaint de l'Ouverture. It has twice had its emperors and presidents, and the usual round of revolutions, and has sunk back to semi-barbarism thinly varnished, nominally Christian, and really voodooistic and cannibalistic.

Porto Rico, farther east, is much smaller, and is the healthiest of the Antilles. It remains Spanish, the inevitable revolution, which occurred about 1820, having been unsuccessful. In many respects it is the most desirable island of the three. It is fairly prosperous, with an increasing population and an increasing trade, and is not at all unlikely to change masters when the present war is over.

Shipbuilding in the United States. Among people who have closely watched the enormous industrial progress of the United States during the present decade, there is a strong feeling that the country is on the eve of a recovery of its old fame in connection with shipbuilding. It was easily foremost as long as wooden ships were supreme, and lost ground only after the reign of iron and then of steel ships began. Mr. Andrew Carnegie, long the largest manufacturer of steel in the United States, is of opinion that this recovery is at hand. He is not going into shipbuilding himself. He is too old, he affirms, and too fully occupied with steel-making, to go into another department of industrial activity. But he hopes to live to see the day when the Hudson and the East River at New York will be what the Clyde is to Glasgow, and the Tyne and Wear to England. With steel plates delivered in New York at twenty-eight shillings a ton less than they can be obtained in Glasgow, Mr. Carnegie holds that the Hudson and the East River should at once become great shipbuilding centres; and he is fully satisfied that the United States can readily regain the supremacy in shipbuilding which it had when wooden ships were in vogue. Mr. Carnegie's prophecy was written before the outbreak of hostilities between Spain and the United States. Since he wrote, the United States Government has possessed itself of nearly every first-class American yacht, tug, and coastwise steamer available, and many ocean-going steamers as well. All these vessels must soon be replaced with new ones by their former owners. All of them that are to engage in the coasting trade must by law be built in American shipyards. When the work of building new vessels begins, there will be a period of unprecedented activity in all the shipyards of the Atlantic and the Pacific coast. Eighteen months or a couple of years, at most, ought to show whether the prediction that the Hudson will become like the Clyde will come true, and whether there are to be established on its banks yards that are to build steel ships not only for the United States, but for the world at large, and compete with the long famous yards of Great Britain and Germany.

Diplomats at Washington. For foreign ministers Washington is a city of some unpleasant traditions. Senor de Lome was the seventh ambassador who had left the United States under a cloud. The first instance occurred as early in the history of the American Republic as 1794, when Genet, the minister of France, was begged to depart. He had been fitting out privateers, and in other ways stirring up the people of America against both Great Britain and Spain. Spain was then in possession of Louisiana. Genet was anxious to secure that territory for France, in order that France might become supreme at the mouth of the Mississippi. While Jefferson was President, Vrofo, the Spanish minister, was sent back to Madrid for what is described by American historians as "conduct not only unbecoming a diplomat, but even an honest man and a gentleman." Jefferson was President from 1801 to 1809. Madison followed Jefferson; and during Madison's first term, Jackson,

the British minister, had to be recalled, because, like Senor de Lome, he criticised the Administration. For about forty years there were no more of these unpleasant diplomatic episodes; but in 1849 President Zachary Taylor gave another French ambassador his passports. During President Grant's first term, which lasted from 1867 to 1871, Catacazy, the Russian ambassador, was recalled at the request of the Washington Government. Then there was another break in this succession of incidents until 1888, when Lord Sackville West, the British minister, fell into a trap arranged by the organisers of the Republican party, and wrote the letter concerning the Presidential elections which led to his recall. Senor de Lome, like Lord Sackville West, came to grief over a letter, but in his case the trouble was due to the nefarious schemes, before the war began, of the Cuban Junta in New York, one of whose emissaries stole the letter from the Havana Post-Office, and handed it over to one of the New York yellow journals. Among the Great Powers, Germany and Austria are the two which so far have had no ambassadors come to grief at Washington.

Emigration of Russian Mussulmans. Arrangements for emigrating large bodies of Mohamedans from the Transcaucasian provinces of Russia to Turkish territory, are being made by the Turkish ambassador in St. Petersburg. Some months ago the beys or chiefs of 6,000 Mussulman families in the province of Elisabethpol petitioned the Turkish Government to permit them to settle in Asia Minor. After the usual delay the Porte acceded to this request, and now the beys have received the sanction of the Russian authorities to leave Russia. It is stated that the Turkish ambassador has a still larger plan in view, viz. the wholesale emigration of a body of 300,000 Tartars living in various parts of Transcaucasia, and who are in extreme destitution, as they possess no land with which to support their families. These Tartars make magnificent fighting material, and the Porte, it seems, is anxious to have them in order to try the experiment of forming them into a body of frontier guards, with an organisation resembling that of the Russian Cossacks. They will receive a certain quantity of arable and pasture land, and for this they will devote one month of every year to military exercises and bind themselves to obey every call to war, each man providing his own horse and supporting himself entirely during the campaign. Shortly after the conclusion of the Russo-Turkish war in 1877, some thousands of Mohamedan Circassians emigrated to Turkey, where they have since made themselves a terror to their Christian neighbours, the Armenians and Greeks.

The Emperor of China. Eugen Wolff, the famous German traveller, has just had an audience of the Emperor of China, and he thus describes what he saw: "In the 'Hall of the Flowers of Literature' there was a raised estrade, and on it the Son of Heaven sat on a chair behind a table. On the table lay a staff of jasper, his lucky sceptre, and a box containing his seal, and various brushes for writing. His majesty looks older than he is in

reality. His eyes looked tired, but to-day they shone artificially with the help of opium or morphia. His head is slightly bent, and through his slanting eyes he glanced at the assembled diplomats. A sad, somewhat childish smile played round the corners of his mouth. When his lips open, he displays a few long, decayed, yellow teeth, and the hollows in his cheeks seemed to denote that some of his teeth were missing. His face was neither sympathetic nor unsympathetic; it was indifferent. Indifference was its prevailing expression. Measured, cold, remote, without capacity apparently, used-up, and seemingly half-dead, appeared to me this lord of four hundred millions of men. He did not seem to understand what was going on around him. I stood close to him and watched him for over a quarter of an hour, and a feeling of great pity came over me for this ruler of the fourth part of mankind who looks out on the world through the wilderness of the enormous prison in which he lives."

The Zoar
Community.

Another of the remarkable religious communities of which America at one time and another has had so many has recently come to an end. It was known as the Society of Separatists, or the Community of Zoar, and had for three-quarters of a century set itself away from the rest of the world in the rich and beautiful Tuscarawas country in the State of Ohio. It was communistic in its social and economic organisation. Nobody worked for wages. Each did the duties assigned to him, but took no wages for his services. All went into the common stock. The community at one time formed a good-sized settlement; so large, in fact, that the Wheeling and Lake Erie Railway Company established a station at Zoar. One member of the community was assigned to act as station master. The railway company paid him wages, which were regularly handed over by the station master to the common fund of the Society of Separatists. Of recent years the society has been dwindling in numbers. Modern civilisation tempted the members abroad, and then many of them did not desire to return. Those who went away had to forego all share in what was a very valuable property. But in spite of this drawback members continued to leave; and when the organisation was finally broken up its numbers had been reduced to 136. There were 8,000 acres of excellent land and other valuable property, to be divided among these 136 men, women, and children; and when the division was completed, property of the value of 2,400*l.* passed into the hands of each member.

So far there have been large draughts on the Dominion Treasury at Ottawa to pay the expenses of establishing civil government at Dawson. The Government, however, is not incurring these unlooked-for and heavy charges without an expectation of immediate return. Their policy is to make the new gold-mining country pay its administrative charges from the outset. Every miner or prospector who goes in must take out a licence, for which a fee of ten dollars is charged. When a miner registers a claim, there is a fee of

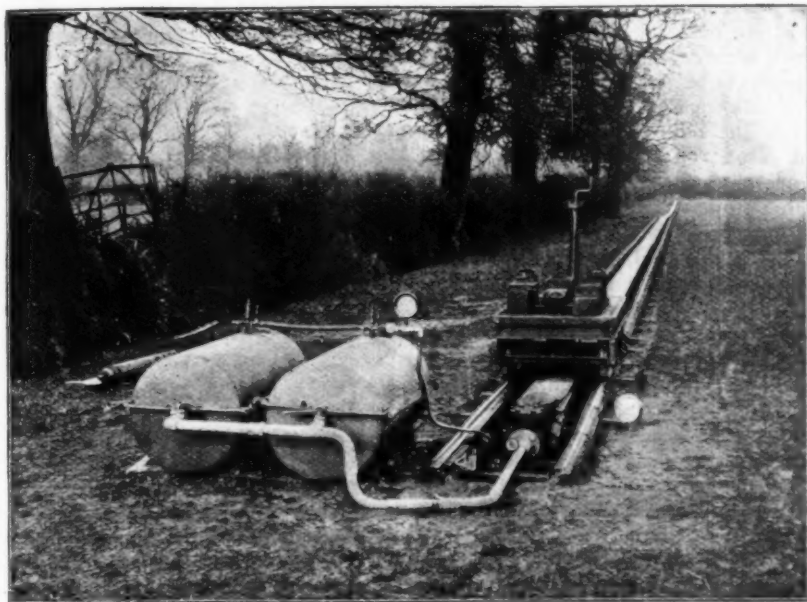
fifteen dollars to be paid; and on all gold found the Government exacts a royalty of ten per cent., and it takes every precaution that no gold is carried out of the Yukon country in respect of which the Dominion tribute has not been paid. The Canadian customs duties average thirty per cent.; so that from every miner who carries in from abroad supplies for six months or a year, the Government obtains a good round sum. Outfits purchased in Canada are exempt from customs duties; but to secure the exemption they must have been carried to the coast in British vessels. In addition to these sources of income, the Government is obtaining a handsome revenue from the sale of leases to dredge the various rivers which flow into the Yukon, and also from leases to dredge that part of the main stream which flows through Canadian territory. If the owners of a dredging lease take out gold of a greater value than £3,000 from their five-mile stretch of river, they are to pay a ten per cent. royalty on the excess.

The Dominion Government in one way and another seems likely at least to recoup itself for its outlays in maintaining order and good government in the mining communities. Mining claims are granted to all comers. Anyone over eighteen years of age, man or woman, can take up a claim. No questions are asked as to nationality; but in spite of much pressure, and notwithstanding the example of the United States, which collect no royalty in the American gold-mining country, the Government at Ottawa is insisting that everyone who enriches himself by the opportunities afforded in the Canadian Yukon country shall pay his quota to the cost of administering the territory. The conditions in the American gold territory are entirely different. The mining claims are reserved for United States citizens, and the miners are left to organise and maintain their own government. If they fail to preserve order, troops are sent in until order is restored.

Vasco da
Gama.

In anticipation of the four hundredth anniversary of Vasco da Gama's arrival at Calicut in India, after doubling the Cape of Good Hope, Madame Adam set herself to the task of preparing a commemorative album containing the pithy and concentrated thoughts of a large number of prominent persons in France upon the great Portuguese, the navigator whose discovery of the ocean route to India was of scarcely less importance to mankind than the discovery of America by Columbus a few years previously. Naval men figure conspicuously among those who have responded to Madame Adam's invitation and co-operated with her in this tribute of French admiration for Vasco da Gama. The finest thought which the subject has inspired appears to be that of Rear-Admiral de Caverille, who writes: "Neptune's trident, says the poet, is the sceptre of the world; but just as man cannot live by bread alone, so nations do not prosper only by the gold that they amass. They progress or they decline accordingly as they co-operate more or less faithfully in the execution of the Divine plan." There is no nation so righteous in its methods and aims as to be beyond the reach of this profound truth and the warning that it conveys.

Science and Discovery.



[Photograph by Burford, Brentwood.]

PNEUMATIC RAILWAY—HOPCRAFT'S SYSTEM.

A NEW PNEUMATIC RAILWAY.

AN ingenious system of direct pneumatic propulsion, involving no motive mechanism on the vehicle, has been invented by Mr. L. Hopcraft, of Kelvedon Common, near Brentwood, Essex. The accompanying illustration shows a line about one-tenth of a mile long upon which the system has been successfully worked. Between the ordinary rails, and supported by the sleepers, is firmly fixed a supplementary rail of timber, along which runs a narrow stretch of heavy canvas tubing having what is equivalent to an india-rubber lining within it. When not actually in use this canvas tube lies flat upon its support. When, however, compressed air, or compressed carbonic acid gas, is admitted from the cylinder shown in the illustration, the tube is inflated. If nothing prevented it, the wave of compressed air or other gas would run along the tube from the cylinder to the opposite end with a speed of about two hundred miles an hour. To use the force which gas under pressure is capable of exerting when admitted to the tube, a rubber-tyred wheel, wider than the tube, and revolving freely on its axis, is attached to the centre of the vehicle, midway between the ordinary wheels. This motor wheel can be raised or lowered at will. When it is lowered it fits upon the canvas-tube, forming an air-tight joint. Compressed air is then admitted to the tube, and being unable to pass under the wheel, inflation

takes place, with the result that the vehicle is pushed along by the propelling force exerted by the air in the inflated tube. Much of the compressed air can be returned to the air-compressor from the motor-tube after being used to propel a car over a section of line. As this method of propulsion is capable of high speed, and is noiseless and without vibration it is adapted to quick light railways for exhibition purposes, or for the transport of goods in warehouses and factories. Many other applications of the system will doubtless be found.

HOW INSECTS ARE GUIDED TO FLOWERS.

A large number of experiments, carried out by Professor Felix Plateau, of the University of Ghent, in the course of last year, tend to disprove the generally accepted view that the brightly coloured petals of flowers act as beacons to attract insects. As the result of systematic observations, Professor Plateau concludes that insects are almost indifferent to the colours of the flowers they visit, and that they are guided to flowers chiefly by their sense of smell. To determine first whether the colours of flowers exerted any attractive influence, the bright petals of some single dahlias, lobelia, evening primrose, foxglove, and other flowers, were covered with bits of green leaf or removed altogether, but in every case the flowers were found to be freely visited, no special distinction being made by the insects between the mutilated flowers and those that were intact. When, however, the nectary or honey-bearing parts of flowers were removed, while the coloured petals remained, the insects persistently neglected these flowers. On the other hand, the scarlet geranium and other scentless flowers, which are seldom, if ever, visited by insects, on account of the absence of honey, immediately became centres of attraction when a little honey or nectar was placed upon them. By varying the conditions in this way and observing the result, Professor Plateau has been able to accumulate a large amount

of evidence in support of his view that insects are guided to flowers by the sense of smell rather than by sight. It is hardly necessary to point out that these observations have a very important bearing upon the current theory of the origin of flowers by the selective visitations of insects.

STARLINGS AS HONEY-SUCKERS.

Starlings are well-known, not only as first-class mimics, but also as adepts in accommodating themselves to the food which happens to be most available in their neighbourhood, in consequence of which adaptability to circumstances the bird is steadily increasing in numbers and range. Of late years it has shown a fondness for ripe pears and apples, and has become a nuisance to fruit-growers. Now comes news that in New Zealand starlings are developing a taste for honey and, like the parson bird, frequent the flax-flats, and suck the honey from the richly mellifluous flowers. The starling has thus joined the interesting group of birds which subsist upon honey extracted from the flowers of various plants. How it acquired this taste for honey is difficult to understand, but a plausible explanation is that while engaged in killing humble-bees—starlings have been observed catching humble-bees and conveying them to their nests to feed their young—they discovered the honey-sac, and were afterwards led by scent or accident to the flowers from which the honey was obtained.

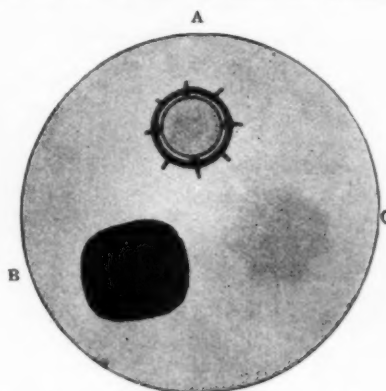
COLOUR FROM A FUNGUS.

A dark-coloured powder, known as smut, often appears upon the ears of barley, oats, and other cereals, much to the mortification of the farmer. When examined microscopically, this dust is found to consist of minute round spores of a fungus. Mr. David Paterson states, in "Nature," that these spores, when mixed with gum and water, form a water-colour pigment of a fine sepia shade, deepening to a brown-black. Pleasing tints can be obtained with the pigment thus produced, and they undergo practically no alteration even when exposed to direct sunlight for several months. The beauty of colour and fastness to light of this new pigment should be of interest to artists and artists' colourmen. The use of the material as a water-colour is not, however, new; for Professor Marshall Ward, referring to Mr. Paterson's observations, notes that the Kew Museum possesses a copy of an etching drawn with the smut of wheat, and that Japanese ladies use the olive-brown spores of a cereal smut as a pigment for painting the eyebrows.

TRUE AND FALSE GEMS TESTED BY RÖNTGEN RAYS.

The Röntgen rays provide dealers in precious stones with a ready means of distinguishing between true and false gems, especially between diamonds and imitations in glass. Soon after the discovery of the new radiation, it was found that the diamond is extremely transparent to the rays, whereas the highly refracting glass used in imitation diamonds is

almost perfectly opaque to them. This fact is put in striking evidence by the accompanying reproduction of a photograph obtained by Sir William Crookes. A black diamond (A in the illustration) set in a gold frame, and the large Delhi diamond (C), of a fine pink colour, were placed, together with an imitation in glass, (B), of the pink diamond, upon a photographic plate, and exposed to Röntgen rays for a few seconds. The result showed that the diamonds permitted the



REAL AND IMITATION DIAMONDS IN RÖNTGEN RAYS.

A, black diamond (in gold frame); B, glass imitation diamond; C, pink Delhi diamond.

rays to pass through them while the glass stopped them almost completely. It is, of course, not essential that a photograph should be taken in order to exhibit the difference of transparency of diamonds and glass for Röntgen radiation; for if the three objects had been placed between a source of the rays and a phosphorescent screen, the illustration shows the shadows which would be thrown upon the screen. By means of Röntgen radiation, therefore, imitation diamonds and other false gems can readily be detected and distinguished from the true gems.

THE RESISTANCE OF WATER TO THE MOTIONS OF SHIPS.

The results of a number of important experiments, bearing upon the resistance offered by water to the motions of ships, were recently described before the Institution of Naval Architects by Professor Hele-Shaw. The experiments consisted in placing obstacles of various forms in flowing water, and obtaining photographs of the flow of water past the obstacles. The photographs show distinctly the presence of regions of dead or undisturbed water behind the obstacles, thus confirming the view that in driving bodies through water it is even more important that they should be fine at the stern end than at the bow end. If the length only admits of a proper degree of fineness at one end, then the fine end ought to be aft and the blunt end forward. This curious fact is well-known to ship constructors, and they act upon it by making ships of a more or less lozenge shape. The fact was confirmed some years ago, when it was shown by actual experiment that, with a certain velocity, the resistance to a wedge-shaped body towed base first was less than if the wedge was towed with

the apex forward. In connection with it, we have the testimony of Sir Edmund Reed that when a circular ironclad—a ship entirely circular—is going at full speed, no pressure is evident on looking over the bow, and large weeds growing upon the part of the ship under water can be seen reaching out forward. It almost appears that if a body of an ungainly shape is forced through water, the water accommodates itself to it, and forms a sort of water bow for itself.

A body of water is undoubtedly carried along by a ship in motion, and Professor Hele-Shaw's photographs clearly show a comparatively calm skin of water in which shearing motion takes place, similar to the film which covers the immersed part of a ship. Many inventors have suggested the lubrication of ships as a means of reducing the friction between a ship and the water, but their schemes are impracticable. Probably, as Professor Hele-Shaw suggests, a closer study of the economy of nature in the coverings of fish, waterfowl, and aquatic animals, will lead to the discovery of some means of reducing the surface resistance on ships in motion.

RECORDS OF UNFELT MOVEMENTS.

The extremely sensitive character of scientific instruments used at the present time is not without disadvantages. A short time ago a long paper was read before the Institution of Electrical Engineers on the disturbances to which a submarine cable had been subjected by the opening of an electric tramway service at Cape Town. As soon as the tramway service began, the syphon recorder in connection with the submarine cable was found to be seriously affected, being caused to quiver to such an extent that the messages were rendered almost unintelligible. After a laborious series of experiments, a means was found of counteracting the effect of the tramway working, but the matter raised the interesting

legal question whether a magnetic interference of one company with another should not be dealt with like an interference with "ancient lights."

In one case at least this contention has been upheld. When it was proposed to run an electric railway under Exhibition Road, South Kensington, the professors at the scientific institutions situated there, showed that it would be impossible to carry on delicate magnetic investigations if the line were constructed. To obtain evidence as to the effects produced by an electric railway, a magnetic survey was made of the whole neighbourhood above the City and South London Electric Railway, which runs underground between London Bridge and Stockwell. It was found that a small suspended magnet placed anywhere within a distance of a hundred yards from the underground line was distinctly disturbed by the passing trains. The moving trains could indeed be timed by the movements of the magnetic needle above ground, and so clearly marked were the indications that a temporary stoppage of the traffic upon the line was shown at once by the magnetic needle coming to rest.

This brings to mind the fact that towards the end of last year, Professor Milne announced an earthquake, recorded by his instrument situated in the Isle of Wight, several days before news of the earthquake reached this country through the usual sources, Professor Milne's earthquake-recorder registers the tremors due to the firing of a cannon at a distance of nearly one mile, and the rumbling of carriages at the distance of a quarter of a mile, whilst upon one occasion it kept an excellent tally of the back and forth journeys of a number of gravel carts worked by a neighbouring contractor. It is from the records of instruments of this high degree of sensitiveness that we learn that our solid earth is in a constant state of tremor, though our unaided senses are entirely unable to feel the movements.

R. A. GREGORY, F.R.A.S.

Varieties.

Recent Acquisitions of the Scottish Antiquarian Museum.

An hour or two may be pleasantly and profitably spent in the Scottish Antiquarian Museum in Edinburgh. The articles exhibited are, of course, chiefly connected with Scotland. To mention only a few, there are a number of historical documents, among them being several of the Solemn Leagues and Covenants of 1643, the verdict in the trial of Haxtone of Rathillet for being accessory to the murder of Archbishop Sharp, and a protest against "Rob Roy" for non-payment of a bill for £85 sterling; a fine collection of Scottish coins; "the Maiden," a species of guillotine, by which many nobles and others were beheaded; the lock of the "Heart of Midlothian," the old Edinburgh Tolbooth, and eight keys, attached to a hook for securing them to a girdle, found in Loch

Leven, and supposed to have been thrown in there when Queen Mary was making her escape from the Castle. The Museum is always acquiring new treasures, sometimes by bequest and gift and sometimes by purchase. Among those acquired within the last two years we observe a portion, somewhat more than a foot long, of the skirt of light double silk, embroidered with gold thread, the embroidery consisting of flowers and leaves, some of them red and others blue, said to have been part of Queen Mary's coronation robe, given to Lady Elizabeth Murray by H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex; a dressing gown of much faded light blue silk brocade, and a plain white silk pocket-handkerchief said to have belonged to George III; a little square basket, lined with embroidered white silk, labelled a baby basket, used by the mother of Sir

Walter Scott, bequeathed to the Museum by Miss Margaret Keith Aytoun, a sister of the Author of the stirring "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers"; the Aven-dale Banner of pale yellow silk, evidently stitched in some places to keep it together, carried by Matthew Craig of Plewlands at Drumclog, with these words inscribed on it in scarlet lettering:

"Avendaill for Reformation
In Church and State
According to the Word
Of God and our covenants";

and a tirling pin from the house of Mary of Guise, Queen Mary's mother. Tirling pins, it may be necessary to explain, were formerly placed on doors of Scottish houses instead of knockers. The ring or pin was rubbed against a twisted rod fixed upright on the door. There is also on loan "Midside Maggie's Girdle," said to have been presented by the Earl of Lauderdale in 1660 to the wife of Thomas Hardie, tenant of Midside Farm on Tollies Hill—a large silver chain, having silver ornaments at either end and a leather bag attached.—JOHN A. BLACK.

It is interesting to notice that the *The Industrial North* "Times," in concluding its excellent

series of papers on the Industrial North, arrives at the same opinion regarding the present state of Lancashire and Yorkshire as Mr. Gordon did with regard to the midlands in our Midland Sketches, which immediately preceded the "Times" articles, and seem to have suggested them. "Anyone," says the "Times," "who made such a survey a quarter of a century ago or earlier, could not truthfully be silent about traces of misery and discontent which he saw in the northern towns. He must have heard angry murmurs against all who were well-to-do, and fierce threats by people who thought they must be wronged by a system under which they fared ill. He could not have missed seeing factories and workshops in which the letter of the Factory Acts might be observed, but in which there was scant attention to the health of the workpeople. Happily, matters are different now. To take the vital question of houses. Most men are very much what their homes are, and the working man's home is, as a rule, much better than it was. On his table is better food, and more of it; fuel is abundant, and his rooms are very much better furnished than they used to be." Again, "the doctrine that thrift is foolish and even wicked, which finds favour with some leaders of the working classes in the south, would be derided by the hard-headed men whom our correspondent describes. There are no nihilists in the industrial north, and apparently few socialists. The men whom he describes have no sympathy with anarchical economical schemes for nationalising this or that. But he does fear the growth, not indeed of class hostility, but of aloofness between sections of our population who have everything to gain from intimate knowledge of, and co-operation with, one another." And throughout the articles the condition and outlook of most of our industries is described as hopeful, though there is need of prudence in all concerned if this is to be maintained.

Sixty-eighth
Meeting of the
British Asso-
ciation.

This year's meeting of the British Association is to be held at Bristol, commencing on September 7. The President-elect is Sir William Crookes, F.R.S., and the Vice-Presidents include several men of distinction, such as the Earl of Ducie, Sir Edward Fry, the Bishop and Mayor of Bristol, and Professor Bonney, F.R.S. There is every prospect of an interesting and numerous meeting. When the Association last met at Bristol, the population of the city was 193,000: it now numbers 318,000. There are many local industries and establishments attractive to the members and associates, while the excursions present a most tempting variety to those who are fortunate enough to be included in the members available for each place, whether archaeological or scientific. British and Roman camps and fortresses; Druidical remains at Westbury and Stanton Drew; the lake dwellings of Glastonbury, and the barrows of Uley are among the places to be visited. One special feature is to be the opening of the memorial tower to Cabot, the celebrated explorer and navigator, on September 6, when the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava is to be the performer of the ceremony in honour of the great Elizabethan heroes of the ocean. Many illustrious foreign visitors are invited to the meeting of 1898.

Hursley
Church.

It is told of Keble that he was most considerate of anything like real feeling. In the "Letters of William John Butler" it is stated that long long after Keble had laid by the money to build the present Hursley Church, he waited to begin the work for the sake of one old man who had a pew in which he had worshipped for years, and to which he was much attached.

The Pot-
wallopers.

All through the present century, ridicule, if not odium, has attached to the word potwalloper; but it must not be forgotten that the old potwalloper was significant of much that was important in English history. The potwalloper was an inhabitant of a town who provided and dressed his own meals. In other words, he was a freeman and owned no lord. Before the Reformation, when there were public kitchens attached to many of the parish churches, the potwalloper took his food to the church kitchen to dress it and eat it there, in order to show his neighbours that he provided his own food, and was not compelled to go to the table of any lord or master for his meals. Later on in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when the possession of the Parliamentary franchise was beginning to add to a man's social and economic importance in a town, those electors who voted on the potwalloper franchise established the custom of eating their meals occasionally in the street, to make it known that they were potwallopers, and as such were entitled to vote at the Parliamentary elections. The existence of this old custom is well described in several of the local histories of Taunton. In the Yorkshire boroughs, the people followed the same custom, and when the potwalloper moved from

one house to another, he set out a table in the street and took a meal there to mark the taking possession of his new abode. Some of the early local historians of the Yorkshire boroughs were in doubt as to how this custom originated, and what it meant. One of them suggested that it was intended by the new-comers as a means of making friends among their neighbours. There is, however, now no doubt that this eating of a meal in the street in the Yorkshire boroughs was for the same purpose as the similar custom in Taunton. There, as stated by Defoe, it was solely for the purpose of asserting the right to vote. The present generation knows of the potwalloper as a venal voter, who was always ready to sell his vote. But in this respect he was no worse than a large proportion of the borough electors of the eighteenth century, in towns where there were no potwallopers, where the right to vote was not so generally enjoyed, and where the franchise was in the hands of burgage holders, in those of freemen, or in those of the aldermen. The only difference was that it usually cost much less to buy the vote of a potwalloper than that of a burgage holder or an alderman. When the Reform Act was passed the potwallopers were not deprived of their votes. No additional potwalloper voters were to be made; but the right to vote was continued to those already in existence; and in many boroughs for a generation or more after 1832, the potwallopers went regularly to the polls. First they went in company with the ten-pound householders; then, after 1867, with the household suffragists and the lodger voters. Gradually, however, in one borough after another, the potwallopers died off. Pontefract until a year or two since had one on its register, but now the race is extinct.

Through Nature up to Nature's God. Amidst the huge crowd of forgotten books, there was one published about the middle of the century, entitled "The Knowledge of Christ the Most Excellent of the Sciences." It is recalled to memory by the following passage in the Autobiography of C. H. Spurgeon (vol. i. p. 165): "An idea has long possessed the public mind that a religious man can scarcely be a wise man. It has been the custom to talk of infidels, atheists, and deists as men of deep thought, and comprehensive intellect, and to tremble for the Christian controversialist, as if he must surely fall by the hand of his enemy. . . I have often said that before I knew the Gospel, I had gathered a heterogeneous mass of all kinds of knowledge, a bit of chemistry, a bit of botany, a bit of astronomy, and a bit of this, that, and the other. But when I had discovered Christ and Him crucified, I had found the centre of the System, and I could see every other science revolving in due order. The old saying is, 'Go from Nature up to Nature's God,' but it is hard work going up hill. The best thing is to go from Nature's God down to Nature, and if you once get to Nature's God, and believe Him, and love Him, it is surprising how easy it is to hear music in the waves, and songs in the wild whispering of the winds, and to see Him everywhere, in the stones and rocks, in the rippling brooks, and to hear Him everywhere, in the lowing of cattle, in

the rolling of thunders, and the fury of tempests. Christ is to me the wisdom of God. I can learn everything now that I know the Science of Christ Crucified."

Eighth Edition of Encyclopædia Britannica. The success of the ninth or last edition we suppose to have been great, but we know that the eighth edition was the first to bring a profit to the enterprising publishers, Messrs. A. and C. Black, then in Edinburgh, before the business house was transferred to Soho Square, London. The eighth edition cost not far from £200,000 to produce. One portion, the preliminary dissertations by Dugald Stewart, Sir James Mackintosh, Professor Playfair, and Sir John Leslie, is of inestimable value, and cannot now be obtained. An interdict was passed on the sale by the relatives of one of the writers. Happy is the possessor of this volume, with its copious and complete index. It was originally published in 1835. The ninth edition has of course many additions to knowledge, and is so far up to date, but he who would be familiar with the history of metaphysical and ethical, and of mathematical and physical science before the Victorian epoch, will prize this volume of the preliminary dissertations. It is now among the "forgotten books."

Astronomical Notes for June. The sun rises at Greenwich on the 1st day of this month at 3h. 51m. in the morning, and sets at 8h. 4m. in the evening; on the 11th he rises at 3h. 45m., and sets at 8h. 14m.; and on the 21st he rises at 3h. 45m., and sets at 8h. 18m. He will be vertical over the Tropic of Capricorn about 10 o'clock on the morning of the last of those days (21st), which is therefore the longest day in the northern hemisphere and the shortest in the southern. The Moon becomes full at 2h. 11m. on the afternoon of the 4th; enters her Last Quarter at 6h. 4m. on the morning of the 11th; becomes New at 4h. 19m. on that of the 19th; and enters her First Quarter at 4h. 54m. on that of the 27th. She will be in perigee, or nearest the Earth, about 4 o'clock on the morning of the 5th (when exceptionally high spring tides may be expected), and in apogee, or farthest from us, about 2 o'clock on the afternoon of the 19th. No eclipses or special phenomena of importance are due this month. The planet Mercury will be visible before sunrise in the early part of it, passing from the constellation Aries into Taurus, and a few degrees to the south of the Pleiades on the 8th and 9th; but he will be at superior conjunction with the Sun on the morning of the 30th. Venus continues to increase in brilliancy as an evening star, moving during the month from Gemini into Cancer, and passing to the south of Castor and Pollux in its second week. Mars rises about 3 o'clock in the morning, situated in the constellation Pisces, and is very slowly increasing in apparent brightness. Jupiter is still a brilliant object in the western part of Virgo; but by the end of this month he will set a little before midnight. Saturn is in the constellation Scorpio, near its boundary with the southern part of Ophiuchus; he will be due south at 11 o'clock on the night of the 12th and at 10 o'clock on that of the 27th.—W. T. LYNN.

The Fireside Club.

GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC.

1. The trembling earth rocked to and fro,
And filled *this isle* with fear and woe.
2. Where once the world's great masters built
Bridges of stone and massy walls,
In tawny flood *these waters* roll
Past palaces and stately halls.
3. Our poets loved *these purple peaks*,
Haunted of nymphs, kissed by the sun.
4. As rocky islands of the main
Fair cities rise from *this green plain*.
5. We weave a wreath of *thy dark bough*,
Of olive green, and laurel bold,
In mem'ry of the wise, the brave,
Who lived and sung in days of old.

THE WHOLE.

Here lies the empire of the ancient world,
Entomb'd midst splendours great in ruins hurled.

A prize of FIVE SHILLINGS will be awarded for the best brief answer in rhyme to the above acrostic.

A NEW COMPETITION.

MOSAIC RHYMES.

Our readers are invited to exercise their ingenuity in making mosaic rhymes (after the manner of the old game of capping verses). From four to twelve lines may be taken; each must be from a different poem, but all suited to one subject. These must be fitted together, into a little verse, or verses, according to their number. The lines should be taken from sources sufficiently well-known to be easily verified. A prize of FIVE SHILLINGS will be awarded for the best.

II. SHAKESPEARIAN ACROSTIC (SECOND SERIES).

THIRD OF FIVE.

1. "A good moral, my lord:
It is not enough to speak, but to speak . . ."
2. "We have no friend
But . . . , and the briefest end."
3. "Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialise
The unstooping firmness of my . . . soul."
4. "Love all, . . . a few,
Do wrong to none."
5. "And, to add greater . . . to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing
God."

THE WHOLE.

"In thy face I see
The map of honour, . . . , and loyalty!"

Find the omitted words, and give Act and Scene for each quotation. A prize of TWO GUINEAS is offered to the solver of this series of acrostics. (Should more than one competitor solve them all, a sixth acrostic will be given to work off the tie. Winners in last series debarred. The solutions will not appear till October. Answers may be sent in monthly, or all together, not later than August 20.)

ANSWERS FOR APRIL.

(See p. 406.)

GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC. (CHINA.)

'Mongst CHINA's teeming millions many a one
Takes for his guide along life's troubled way
CONFUCIUS' teaching. 'Neath the eastern sun
HONG-KONG lies subject to our great Queen's sway
In this huge empire, IDOLS even now
Are worshipped, and before them humbly bow
NANKIN's rich merchants, while upon the seas
By strong Port ARTHUR Russia's fleet at ease
Floats in a harbour winter ne'er can freeze.

(E. M. Carr, Poolemeade, Tiverton-Avon, Bath.)

SCOTT ACROSTIC. (ROMANCE.)

Red Gauntlet	Red Gauntlet.
Osbaldistone	Rob Roy.
Meg Merrilees	Guy Mannering.
Antiquary	Antiquary.
Nanty Ewart	Guy Mannering.
Clara	St. Ronan's Well.
Edie Ochiltree	Antiquary.

(No correct answer received.)

TEA-TABLE TOPICS.

We reluctantly hold over Tea-Table Topics this month. These must be original, signed with pen-name or initials. FIVE SHILLINGS awarded for the best each month.

RULES.—I. Write very distinctly, on one side; fasten all sheets in each competition by themselves, and sign each with name and address. Write FIRESIDE CLUB outside all letters, and Prizewinner outside applications for prizes.

II. Editor's decisions final. No correspondence. All answers must be received by the 20th of the month, unless otherwise specified.

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